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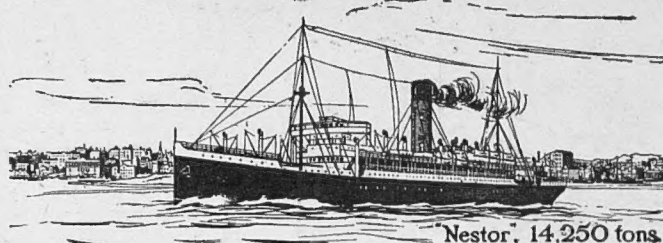


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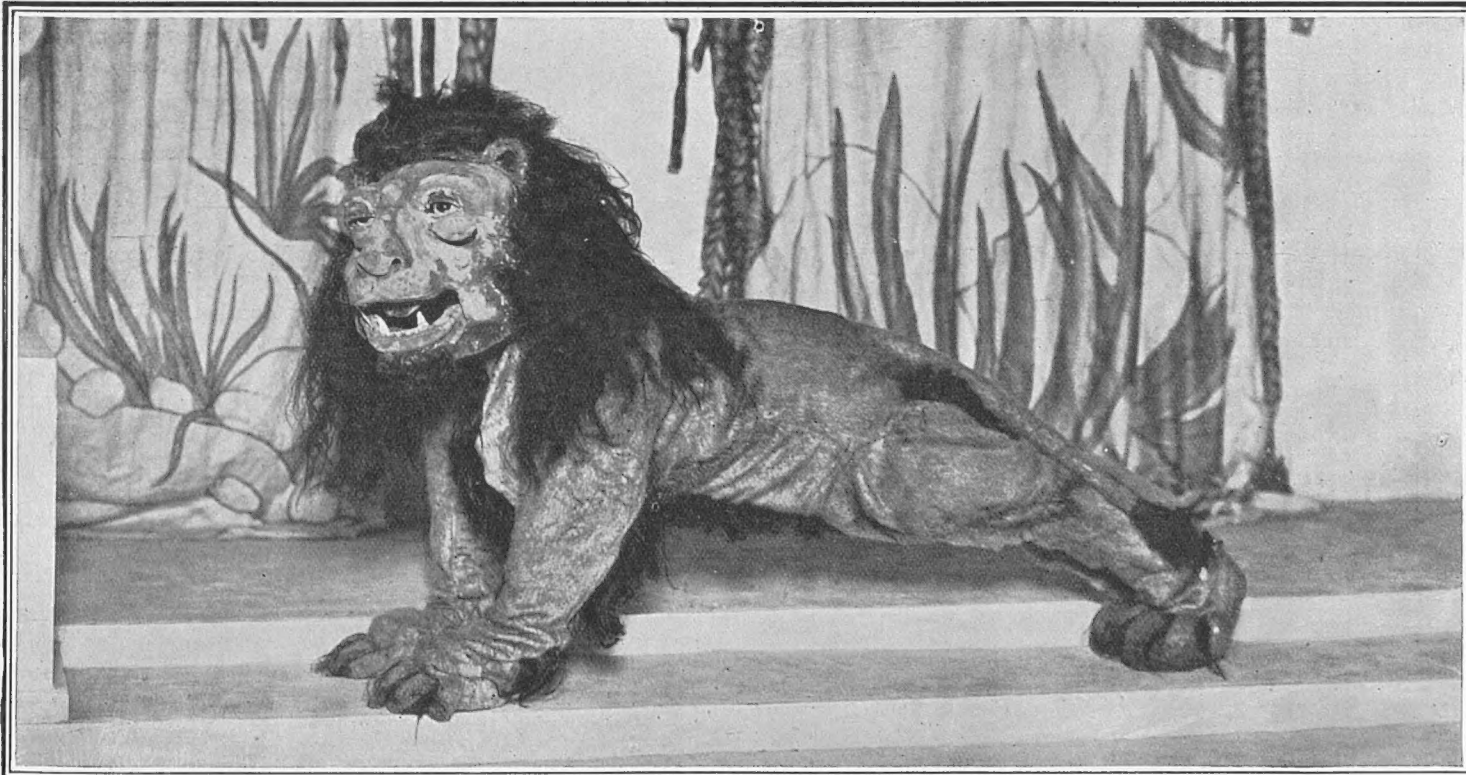
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The Sketch

No. 1075.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1913.

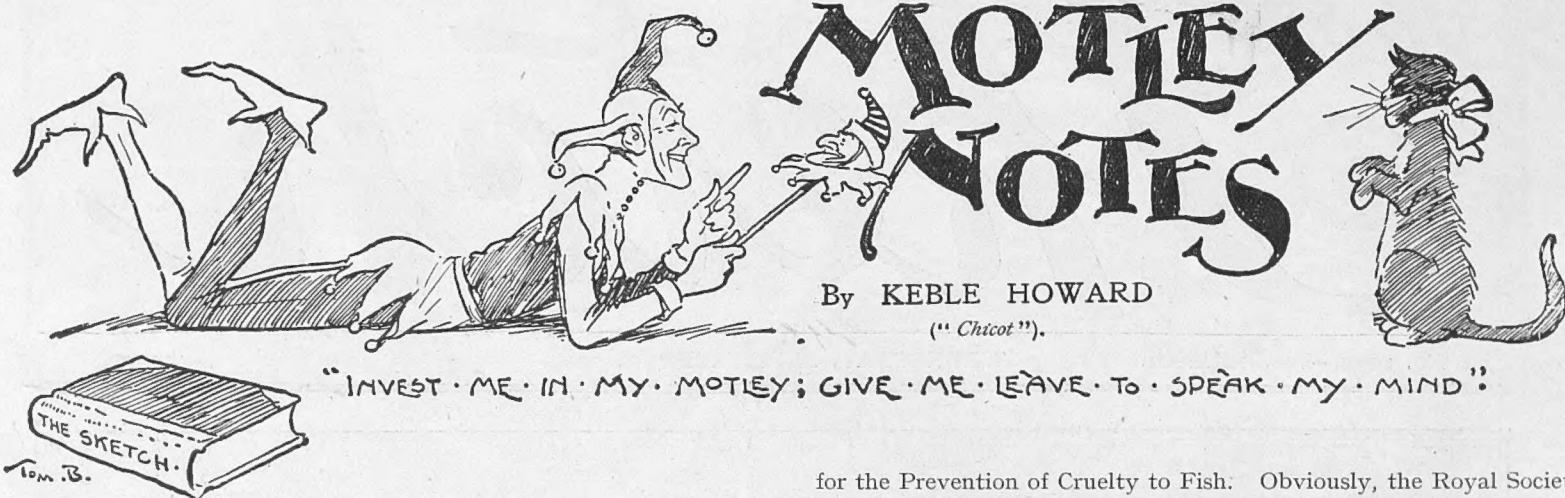
SIXPENCE.



THE LION OF BERNARD SHAW'S "ANDROCLES AND THE LION": MR. EDWARD SILLWARD IN THE "FABLE PLAY,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It was arranged that Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Fable Play," "Androcles and the Lion," | the same bill. The decoration for "Androcles and the Lion" is by Mr. Albert
should be produced at the St. James's on Monday last; with "The Harlequinade" in | Rothenstein. Both plays are produced by Mr. Granville Barker.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.



"The Inn of My Dreams."

To one of my daily papers a lady has contributed a most interesting article entitled, "The Inn of My Dreams." "It might be taken," she says, "by one of the many married couples in England who possess a small income and a resolute desire to increase it." One of the features of this ideal inn will be a room "set apart for the comfort of lady tourists, where powder and hairpins, glycerine and cucumber, and various toilet accessories may be obtained at a small extra charge." And the gentlemen tourists—what is to happen to them? Are they to be neglected in the ideal inn? By no means! Listen to this dream of luxury: "The men must be provided also with a room where their clothes may be brushed and their toilet wants attended to satisfactorily."

Madam, you run the grave risk of spoiling us! Are we really to have a room of our own where we may be brushed? The thought turns one giddy! Such intimate understanding of the needs of men when on the road touches the heart. But there is more thought, even, for the men! "There should be clean packs of cards ready to produce if required, and"—hold your breath, vile, unworthy men—"a small billiards-table would be a valuable acquisition." There's solicitude for you! Sex antagonism, forsooth! It is sweet to think of the men, what time their ladies are busy with the powder and hairpins, glycerine and cucumber, revelling in the joys to be extracted from a "small billiards-table."

Many a man would leave his home for such an inn as this.

Duties of "Mine Host."

The duties of the host and hostess are carefully set forth.

"The wife must understand and superintend the cooking and serving of every meal, making the keynote one of supreme daintiness. Her uniform might be a purple gown with white muslin collar and cuffs, and a frilled apron, and she must be most particular as to the appearance and cleanliness of her servants."

There will be no gross feeding, you perceive, in the ideal inn. Everything will be dainty, more particularly the uniform of the hostess. There may not be much beef in the house, but what will that matter if the hostess trips to and fro in a purple gown? There may be no ham at all, but who would demand ham, or want ham, or even think of ham, when he saw the hostess in a frilled apron?

Now for mine host.

"The husband must superintend the garden, wine-cellar, and arriving visitors, bills, and garage. He must always be at hand if required, but never too much in evidence."

Quite right, Madam. Away with that picture of the fat-faced, ruddy, smiling fellow in the doorway! The proper place for the host is in the garden or the garage—particularly the garage. He might help with the trunks, and he must certainly add up the bills, but nobody wants to see the host. He could not be expected to harmonise with the purple gown and the frilled apron.

"S.P.C.F." Wanted.

A Limpsfield lady is much disturbed in mind about the feelings of lobsters. "So much is done nowadays," she writes, "to try to alleviate the sufferings of any feeling creature that, with an organisation like the R.S.P.C.A., it is astonishing that live lobsters are still allowed to be displayed *en masse* in fishmongers' windows, writhing in their last struggles for life."

I quite agree. It is astonishing. I can assure the Limpsfield lady that I have often wondered why there was no Royal Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fish. Obviously, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals can hardly be expected to look after fish, and yet fish have distinct rights of their own. The lobster, in particular, is a peculiarly sensitive creature. Lewis Carroll knew that when he wrote those immortal lines—

'Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare,
"You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons; and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark;
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.

To those of us who really understand the inner meaning of these beautiful lines—and everything has an inner meaning nowadays—it is terrible to think of the mental agony of the lobster when he finds himself exposed for sale on a fishmonger's slab. In a sense, no doubt, we are all lobsters on a fishmonger's slab, which should make us more, and not less sympathetic.

Mr. Johnson's Way.

Mr. Johnson, the pugilist, has invented a new way in which public men may discover how they stand with the public.

"I shall just move amongst the people. They know Jack Johnson when they see him, and in a day or two I shall know whether I am wanted or not. If I find by the way in which they receive me in the streets and public places where I happen to show up that they have not gone back on me, then I shall go on the stage. If not, then Jack Johnson will gracefully retire."

So that the matter is now in your hands, friend the reader. If you are in favour of Mr. Johnson's appearing on the stage, you will continue to step back and make way for him when you meet him on a narrow and crowded pavement. If you are against his appearing on the stage, all you have to do is to push past and jostle him into the gutter. Will your native politeness allow you to treat our guest in this rude way? I think not. I think you will continue to make way, and to smile slightly if Mr. Johnson happens to catch your eye.

"The Courtesy League."

I am interested to learn, from a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that a Courtesy League has been formed in London. "The objects of this League," writes Mr. Raymond Arthur Price Pierpoint, the Hon. Sec., "are—

- (1) Reverence for the great.
- (2) Respect for the dead.
- (3) Honour for the living.

"I cannot help saying," he adds, "that we have to lay much of the blame for our attitude of scoffing at ideals that should command respect, if not reverence, to Mr. Bernard Shaw and his school of iconoclasts."

Before I join this League—which, I imagine, will have to raise a good deal more than one hundred thousand pounds if it is to make any headway in England—I should like to ask Mr. Pierpoint why he puts "Reverence for the great" before "Respect for the dead," and who is to decide which of living men and women are to be revered as great. There is bound to be confusion if these matters are not clearly defined at the outset. Mr. Shaw, in his quick way, may hit back at the Courtesy League by saying that they have already stultified themselves in that they show no reverence to him despite his greatness. I am quite with Mr. Pierpoint in the spirit of his crusade, and that is why I would have him armed at all points.

FICTION - WRITER AND TRAGIC TYPIST: "THE SCARLET BAND."



MARGARET HOLT, ACTING AS SECRETARY TO WINTHROP CLAVERING, WHO IS WRITING A SERIAL BASED ON THE MURDER SHE (UNKNOWN TO HIM) HAS COMMITTED, IS MADE TO ILLUSTRATE THE WAY IN WHICH THE MAN SHE KILLED MUST HAVE BEEN STABBED: MR. J. FISHER WHITE AND MISS MARIE DORO, AT THE COMEDY.

Aided by the long arm of coincidence, and in an endeavour to cover her tracks, Margaret Holt, who has killed one of the "Scarlet Band" of White-Slave traffickers and criminals in general, becomes shorthand typist to Winthrop Clavering. Now Clavering is an amateur investigator of crimes, and writes serial stories based on real murders, and so on. The mystery of the death of the man killed by Margaret fascinates

him. He writes about it in story form, reconstructing it with a truth which is uncanny, and, naturally, puts Margaret on the rack, as she has to take it down and realises that she may be discovered at any moment. A nerve-breaking part of this trial of hers is the moment, shown in the photograph, when Clavering makes her imitate the way in which he believes the dead man was stabbed.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



SIR STAFFORD HOWARD — FOR BEING THE FIRST MAYOR OF LLANELLY.



MR. A. W. BLACK, M.P. — FOR PREFERRING VACCINATION TO QUARANTINE.



MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P. — FOR DECIDING TO BE VACCINATED, AFTER ALL.



MR. EDWARD SILLWARD — FOR BEING THE LION OF "ANDROCLES AND THE LION."

The King has just approved the granting of a charter to Llanelly creating that town a municipal borough as from November next. Its first Mayor is to be Sir Stafford Howard.—Mr. Will Crooks, M.P. for Woolwich, and Mr. A. W. Black, M.P. for Biggleswade, were among the party of British members of the Empire Parliament Association who recently went on a visit to Australia. They demurred to the requirement that all the members of the party should be vaccinated before landing, owing to an outbreak of small-pox at Sydney. Eventually, however, they submitted to the operation rather than be placed in quarantine.—

Photographs by Lafayette, and Lafayette (Dublin).

Mr. Edward Sillward, who is taking the part of the lion in Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Androcles and the Lion," at the St. James's, has had a long experience (sixteen years) of playing animals. During that time he has had no speaking part, but has imitated lions, dogs, cats, monkeys, donkeys, and wolves. For seven years he has been the dog Nana in "Peter Pan," appearing in the part 1160 times, and he has played a gorilla on the halls 2000 times. As the gorilla he once turned up at a Covent Garden ball, but he frightened the ladies and decided to retire. For the past six weeks he has been practising roaring on a City roof.



MR. HAWKER—FOR VISITING THE SCENE OF HIS FALL AND BEING "QUITE WELL, THANK YOU!"

Mr. H. G. Hawker, the hero of the Round-Britain sea-plane flight, revisited last Thursday the scene of his fall into Lough Shinny, and he was overwhelmed with autograph and souvenir hunters and inquiries after his health. He motored out from Dublin after first visiting, at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, his injured passenger, Mr. Kauper, who, he found, was making satisfactory progress. It will, however, be a fortnight or more before he will be fit to leave the hospital. He had an arm broken in the accident, and bad cuts about the head and neck.—



THE FIRST POLICEWOMEN OF CHICAGO — FOR BEING A FINE BODY OF WOMEN AND ONE THAT WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY REJOICED THE HEART OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Ten women have recently been enrolled as members of the police force of Chicago, for work in the streets similar to that performed by policemen. At the Chiltern Hills Agricultural Show the other day, Mr. Lionel Rothschild operated a pneumatic cinema camera to take films of the cattle. The machine possesses a gyroscopic arrangement, and can be held in the hand. Mr. Lionel Rothschild did the honours for Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who opened the gardens of Halton House, Tring, to the public for the occasion.



MR. LIONEL ROTHSCHILD — FOR "SHOOTING" CATTLE WITH A GYROSCOPIC CINEMA CAMERA.

Photographs by C.N., Illustrations Bureau, and Topical.



THE MAYOR OF COLCHESTER—FOR WEARING HIS OFFICIAL ROBES TO EAT THE FIRST OYSTER OF THE SEASON.

The usual ceremonies took place at the opening of the Colchester oyster-fishing season at Brightlingsea. The Mayor of Colchester, Councillor W. Coats Hutton, wearing his robes and chain of office, solemnly inaugurated the proceedings by slinging a dredge overboard in Pyefleet Creek, and, when it was hauled up full,



THE RAVEN AT THE FEAST — FOR NOT "QUOTHING 'NEVERMORE'" AT SIR THOMAS DEWAR'S LUNCHEON PARTY.

consuming the first oyster of the season.—While Sir Thomas Dewar and a party of friends were lunching on the moors at Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, the other day, a pet raven made one of the company. Happily, it did not, like Poe's bird, cast a gloom over the proceedings by remarking "Nevermore."

Photographs by Sport and General, and C.N.



MR. KAUPER — FOR GETTING ON VERY WELL AFTER HIS FALL WITH MR. HAWKER INTO LOUGH SHINNY.

CLOTHES AND POSES: "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



1. M. LOU-TELLEGEN AS DORIAN GRAY.

3. MISS JULIA JAMES AS SYBIL VANE AND M. LOU-TELLEGEN AS DORIAN GRAY.

2. M. LOU-TELLEGEN AS DORIAN GRAY AND MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS LORD HENRY WOOTTON.

4. M. LOU-TELLEGEN AS DORIAN GRAY.

The dramatic version of Oscar Wilde's famous "Picture of Dorian Gray" concerns itself chiefly with the suicide of Sybil Vane, after Dorian has cast her aside; the killing of Basil Hallward and the disposal of the body by Dr. Allan Campbell; with, of course,

the changes of the picture and the death of Dorian by his own hand when he seeks to rip up the tell-tale canvas. These might be called the melodramatic portion of the story, but on the stage much of the book's literary quality is necessarily lost.

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specialises in China Tea.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE SCARLET BAND, by Messrs. Emerson and Baker, at
the Comedy Theatre, should be a great success. It is a
competent and ingenious specimen of the detective play,
and an excellently good one of its kind. There is a pretty and
trembling little girl, finely acted by Miss Marie Doro, who kills a
White Slave ruffian, and then lives in fear of the gang, which is
explicable, and of the law, which is not. There is a fussy and irascible
old gentleman who writes stories of crime, reduces her slowly to con-
fession, and then behaves like a hero and captures the whole of her
persecutors; and there is a brisk and vigorous encounter in a
darkened room between the forces of crime and of humanity which
is as exciting as anything we have seen for some time. Mr. Fisher
White is excellent as the author, with his combination of shrewd
deductions and penny-dreadful rhetoric; Miss Edyth Latimer is a
most persuasive villainess; and the two villains, Mr. Arthur Gren-
ville and Mr. Alfred P. Phillips, are delightful. It all happens in
New York, so certain things in the authors' premises may be passed
over without troublesome questioning while you settle down to enjoy
the thrills they have provided.

It is not easy to see what purpose was served by Mr. Lou-
Tellegen's production at the Vaudeville of a dramatised version of
Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." If a play was to be made
of this weird story of a man's corruption, and of the change which
took place in his portrait, Wilde would have made it; and this pro-
duction suggests that he was wise in refraining from the attempt. A
picture which is at first gloriously beautiful, and then becomes a thing
of horror, is best left to the imagination. The present effort to realise
it is a mere absurdity; and if you eliminate its mystery, and the
elaborate description of Dorian and his precious stones and tapestries,
and his absurd luxuries, and of the workings of his soul, there is little
left but the most commonplace and inconsequent of melodramas.
Mr. Lou-Tellegen is an actor of temperament and intelligence, but
he hampers himself sadly by trying to play in a language not his
own; and, save for a glimpse of human passion shown by Mr. Edmund
Goulding, there is little to explain why the adaptation was produced.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- | | |
|--|---|
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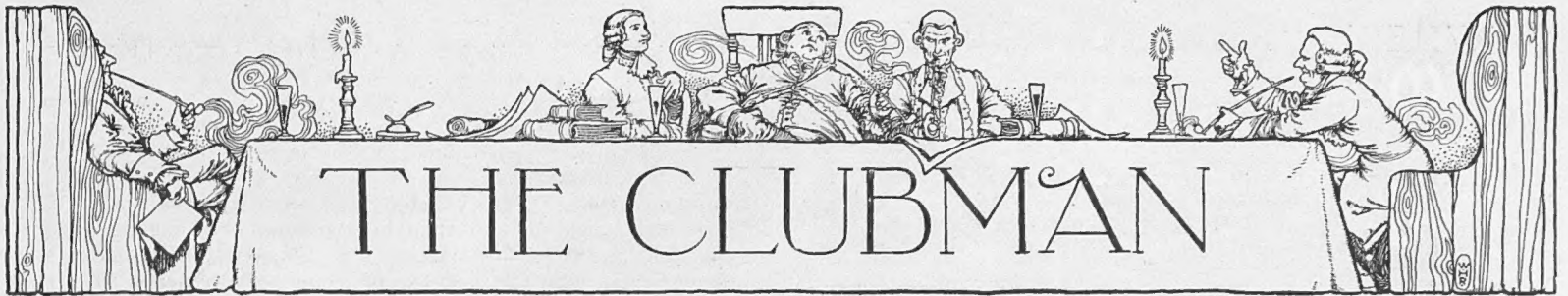
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BEYOND THE BEAT OF THE CROSS-CHANNEL TRIPPER: MEMORIES OF OLD BOULOGNE.

Old Boulogne.

Of all the tens of thousands of people who pass through Boulogne in the summer and who make a short stay there, only a few hundreds ever leave the harbour level to look at the old fortified town on the hill. The Englishman's Boulogne stretches from the market-place to the end of the bathing-beach and the Grand Café; Caveng's (the pastrycook's shop), the fish-market, and the Casino are the landmarks by which the Britisher knows that he is in Boulogne; but the walk round the ramparts which enclose the old town with its *place d'armes*, its tower which served as a prison, and its crooked streets, takes one into a very different world from that which the Englishman on a week-end holiday looks for in Boulogne.

The Napoleonic Fortress.

Great trees have grown up on the ramparts in the century since the "Grand Army" lay encamped on the broad curve of hill where the column now stands, and the boats of the flotilla were moored in the harbour of Boulogne, and further down the coast, in the estuary of the Canche and in the shade thrown by these trees, the old men of the town sit and doze on sunshiny afternoons. There are the sally-ports and the flanking-towers and the citadel (now used as a store), all remaining as they were when Boulogne was a fortress always ready to stand a siege, and most of the old houses near the ramparts turn dead walls towards them, for windows are dangerous openings when bullets are flying about.

Schoolboy Memories.

As a school-boy, just after the Franco-German War, I was sent over to Boulogne to spend my summer holiday there one year; and that I might perfect my French—which I had nearly forgotten during three years at Harrow—I was sent to a French family living in the upper town. I heard then a great deal of talk as to what the inhabitants had been prepared to do if the hated Prussians had marched upon the town. One suggestion that a boat should be pulled up from the harbour and used to blockade the gate above which is a model of the Black Madonna (the guardian saint of the town) seemed to me to be rather useless in the face of modern artillery. But the inhabitants of Boulogne were all quite solid on one point—that the enemy would have been

obliged to take the town, if it was taken, at the point of the bayonet.

Boulogne Steel Pens.

An industry which was to make the fortune of the town of Boulogne had just been started when I first knew Boulogne in those schoolboy years, and I heard a good deal of talk concerning it, for the pioneer of the industry—an Englishman—lived in the same street that I inhabited, and as a relief from the perpetual French to which I was condemned, I was always glad to talk to him. The industry was the making of steel pens. All steel pens had till the 'seventies been manufactured in Great Britain, and France had taxed their importation. It occurred to an Englishman with a knowledge of the business that there was a fortune to be made by manufacturing them in France, and thus avoiding the customs duty; and the factory had either just started work or was about to do so. There is a factory now for the making of

steel pens close to the town station at Boulogne, and whenever I pass it I hope it is the one of which my Englishman talked, and that he made a fortune by it.

The Bals Populaires.

In those, my schoolboy days, the *bals populaires* of Boulogne used to be held at the Tintelleries Gardens, in the upper town, and the fisher-girls and

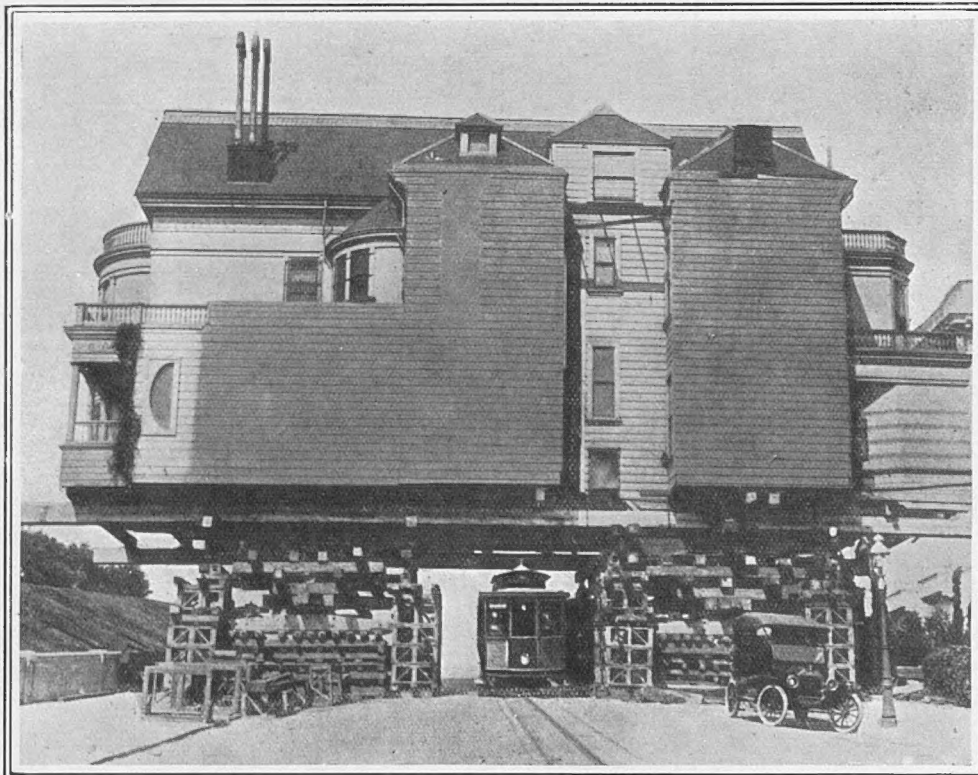
women in their beautiful white caps and broad skirts used to come there and dance with the fishermen in their shore suits of thick blue cloth, taking no notice of any landmen. Now these balls are held at the Casino, on the broad stretch of asphalt surrounding the bandstand. Such a ball always seems to me the best sight the Pas de Calais has to show, and is as picturesque as any Breton fête. The fisher-folk in their national dress are admitted free, and they enjoy themselves with the utmost gravity. There could be no greater contrast to the rag-time dances of the present day than to see these fisher-folk valse the old-fashioned *deux temps*. Before these lines are in print the fisher-girls of Boulogne will have had a day of great splendour, for the Queen of the Matelottes is to be crowned, an

historical cavalcade is to parade the town in her honour, and deputations of British, Breton, Belgian, and Dutch fisher-folk are to join her court.



ONE-DOG-POWER TRACTION FOR TWO AMBULANCES: THE FRIEND OF MAN EMPLOYED IN RED CROSS WORK BY THE FRENCH ARMY.

The French Army has adopted a form of light ambulance drawn by dogs. The front one of the two shown in the photograph weighs 38 kilogrammes, and the other 30 kilogrammes—a total equivalent to 149 lb. 13 oz., or nearly 1½ cwt.—which the dog has to pull, apart from the weight of the man on it.—(Photograph by K.o.)



A MOVING TUNNEL IN A SAN FRANCISCO STREET: A HOUSE BEING TRANSFERRED TO A NEW SITE WITHOUT HOLDING UP THE TRAMS.

The removal of a house bodily to another site is not uncommon in America, but the use for that purpose of such a structure as the above, with a tunnel for trams to pass beneath the building, is doubtless unique. The photograph was taken in Washington Street, San Francisco. When the arrangements for the removal were made, the tramway company objected to interference with its street-car service, and the contractors were compelled to adopt the method shown.

(Photograph by C.N.)

WHERE "RAVING POLITICS" ARE FORGOTTEN IN SPORTSMANSHIP.



1. THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND: THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
2. VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT (IN THE CENTRE), WITH LADY ARDEE (ON THE RIGHT), AND MRS. JOHN LESLIE.
3. LADY FURNESS (SEATED ON THE LEFT), AND MISS WALDRON.
4. LADY LEUCHA WARNER AND HER DAUGHTER.
5. THE EARL OF COVENTRY TALKING TO THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

6. THE VICEREINE: THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN AT THE FLOWER SHOW.
7. THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA (IN WHITE), WITH LADY BEATRICE CARR-CLARKE AND MR. ROBIN.
8. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN IRELAND: GENERAL SIR ARTHUR PAGET, WITH THE COUNTESS OF KIMBERLEY (ON THE LEFT), AND LADY WELDON.

Sport always reconciles political differences, and, in spite of strikes and Home Rule, this year's Horse Show Week in Dublin was a brilliant success, both from the point of view of the weather, which was ideal, and the great numbers both of the visitors and competitors. The week began with the annual races at Leopardstown

on August 23 and 25, and Society, as usual, turned up in force. On August 25 General Sir Arthur Paget, Commanding the Forces in Ireland, and Lady Paget gave a dinner-party at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, in honour of the Lord-Lieutenant (the Earl of Aberdeen) and the Countess of Aberdeen, and on the 28th gave a dance

SOCIETY IN DUBLIN DURING THE GREAT HORSE SHOW WEEK.



9. LADY HUGH GROSVENOR (ON THE LEFT) AND THE HON MRS. CYRIL WARD (ON THE RIGHT).
10. VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON AND THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY (IN THE CENTRE).
11. THE HON. LADY MCCALMONT AND HER SON, MR. DERMOT MCCALMONT, THE WELL-KNOWN RACEHORSE OWNER, AT LEOPARDSTOWN RACES.

12. THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA.
13. THE COUNTESS OF ROSS AND MRS. JOHN LESLIE.
14. SIR JOSEPH TICHBORNE AND MISS BEAUMONT.
15. VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON AT THE FLOWER SHOW.
16. THE COUNTESS OF KIMBERLEY (ON THE RIGHT) AND MISS CAPELL AT THE HORSE SHOW.

at the Royal Hospital. Lady Aberdeen, on the 26th, gave a ball for which several hundred invitations were issued by the State Steward and Chamberlain, Sir Anthony Weldon. The Lord-Lieutenant paid an informal visit to the Horse Show, which is held in the Royal Dublin Society's grounds at Ball's Bridge, on the opening day (the

27th), and drove to it in State on the two following days. On Tuesday afternoon (the 26th), the annual Flower Show took place in the garden behind Viscount Iveagh's house in St. Stephen's Green. Except where otherwise stated, the above photographs were taken at the Horse Show.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Topical.]



"THE BIG GAME": A PACHYDERM AND SOME THIN-SKINNED MORTALS.

**The Rhinoceros
Ross Shot.**

I stick "The Rhinoceros Ross Shot" up in the left-hand top corner because it sounds nice, and will attract attention to what follows hereunder. Also, when the evenings are lengthening and you are tired of jigsaws and bridge, you can spend happy hours in finding out who can say it the most rapidly the largest number of times. But the words convey to the mind a very misleading impression indeed. It was not Ross that shot the rhinoceros. That is the first inaccuracy. Nor am I sure that the rhinoceros was shot at all. It may have been. It really must have been, unless the rhinoceros is one of those beasts that, when shot at, turn and are seen no more. However, I do not remember that the fate of the rhinoceros was ever definitely decided, which causes the second inaccuracy. So dangerous is it to attempt to sum up history in a phrase, however pithy and neat.

**What Really
Happened.**

I hope I am not giving the impression that if you go to the New Theatre you will see a rhinoceros, shot or not shot by Ross or not by Ross. If this were the case, photographs of the creature would have appeared long ago in all the illustrated papers, in company with those of the camel that Jacob rode and the lion that took Androcles to be his panel doctor. No, you will not see the rhinoceros, but only the distressing consequences of his sudden appearance. For what really happened was this. One dark night or blazing hot day in Central Africa about ten years ago (now you understand why the rhinoceros does not appear: he is either too dead or too old to be allowed out) Ross and Mrs. Ross and Grimshaw were out for the shooting, when the beaters started a rhinoceros or a rhinoceros started the beaters—anyhow, there was a rhinoceros, and Ross was mixed up with it, and Grimshaw fired and hit him instead of or in addition to it, and Mrs. Ross (who had presumably accompanied the party as a witness in anticipation of some such painful occurrence) certified that it was quite an accident, and worshipped the memory of her husband so madly that she married the survivor (Grimshaw, not the rhinoceros). This accounted for the fact that her name was Mrs. Grimshaw when the play began, and her son's name was Julian Ross—which was puzzling till you heard the story.

**The Doctor's
Umbrella.**

Later on, there came along a doctor named Doyle (that is, an Irish doctor with a powerful accent). He came years later—not nearly in time to remove the bullet from Ross. The point about him was that he had a very old umbrella—so old that people would look at it and say, "Help! What is this?" This umbrella he cherished so dearly that he was always nearly forgetting to take it with him, for he would not have lost it for worlds. He once met a pretty girl under it in a shower and talked to her for fifteen minutes or half-an-hour; and the memory of it cheered him in the autumn of his life. Now

the importance of this doctor was that, if he had not existed, Grimshaw would not have been able to tell the audience the truth about Ross without a very serious breach of the rule against soliloquies. Not that the author, Mr. Sydney Wentworth Carroll, would have very much minded breaking that rule: he did not appear to be seriously prejudiced in favour of modern canons of dramatic art. But the doctor was convenient and very simple to invent—so why not invent him? So he was invented. The importance of his umbrella was that the girl it sheltered on that memorable occasion was the second wife of Ross, married to him while his first wife was alive. As this announcement is rather startling and sudden, I leave it to end a paragraph—being, indeed, inclined to think that it ought to have one all to itself.

**Picking up the
Threads.**

So now the various parts of this distressing tale begin to fit in together. Had Grimshaw not missed that rhinoceros and hit Ross (if that was what happened), Ross would have lived happily ever after with Mrs. Ross and Julian in one county, and with Rita Morrison and little Kitty in another. As it was, Ross had called Grimshaw to his side as he died and whispered (so that Mrs. Grimshaw could not hear) all about Rita; and, being in a penitent mood, but bound nevertheless to maintain his reputation for spotless virtue, he had compromised. He laid upon Grimshaw the burden of administering the funds which were to support Rita and little Kitty, so that Grimshaw, of course, appeared to all right-thinking persons to be little Kitty's father. We must not blame

Ross too much. How could he have guessed that Grimshaw would complicate the affair so infernally by marrying Mrs. Ross? Or that he would behave with a quiet nobility and a meek respect for dying wishes which can be found nowhere except, possibly, among rhinoceroses? Or that Mrs. Ross, being a matronly person happily re-married, or Rita, being a flippant little butterfly making a reputation in the concert-halls, would continue indefinitely to worship the idol of his spotlessness, so that it would be sacrilege to let them know the truth? Or that Julian would be an offensive and swollen-headed little prig? Or, indeed, that any play upon the subject would ever be written at all?

All Julian's Fault.

How- ever, Julian, being what he was, made all sorts of trouble, and would persist in stirring up the ghosts of dead rhinoceroses, and in behaving so like Hamlet that the author had to put a notice in the papers to explain that he never really claimed to be a serious competitor with Shakespeare. And the result was that Julian smashed a nice picture of his father and apologised married the doctor; and a number of excellent people like Mr. Frederick Kerr and Mr. Beveridge and Miss Ethel Dane and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry were placed in positions in which they were entitled to our sincerest sympathy, and got it.



MISS ETHEL DANE AS
RITA MORRISON
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



JULIAN SMASHES UP PAPA: MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIAN ROSS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE BIG GAME," AT THE NEW.



HE SHOWS SIGNS OF A POSE! MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIAN ROSS; MISS FRANCES IVOR AS MRS. GRIMSHAW, HIS MOTHER; MR. FREDERICK KERR AS EDWARD GRIMSHAW, HIS STEP-FATHER; AND MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE AS DR. DOYLE, THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

"The Big Game," by Sydney Wentworth Carroll, is being given at the New Theatre.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LORD IVEAGH.

THE lists of Horse Show people were searched in vain for Lord Iveagh's name. Shows, in all senses, some men can dispense with. Lord Iveagh has the happy knack of getting out of the ruck of the social round. He is always refraining from the unnecessary effort, from helping to give life to the occasions that are better dead. The Horse Show, in so far as it is a horse show, is well enough, and will prosper; but there are attendant functions, and functions all the year round both in Ireland and England, that live or die—and no matter which—according to the random patronage of great men. Lord Iveagh's patronage is never random.

Publicity and
Reticence.

Although Guinness is a word spread somewhat widely across the continents of the world, Lord Iveagh has never personally fallen into the habit of advertising. His name, for obvious reasons, has headed many subscription lists, but in other connections it is rarely published. He has, for instance, given no encouragement to the biographers; nor has he sanctioned the writing on his behalf of "My Money: How I Made It, and What I Do With It" by any needy man of letters. The notice in "Who's Who" is one of the briefest on record, except in the matter of his addresses and his clubs, which fill six closely packed lines. He has seldom or never contributed to the reviews, wherein the wordier Viscounts let off the steam that is repressed in the Upper Chamber. I am told that the catalogues of the British Museum Reading-Room contain no entry under either "Iveagh" or "Guinness," except in reference to a lady missionary and temperance preacher. These things are all directly due to the reticence of a man whose importance is judged in England mainly by the number of his royal visitors and the personal confidence reposed in him by his King, but whose standing in Ireland is a matter of vital everyday significance.

Guineas and
Guinness.

That he is the richest man in Ireland is by no means the whole of his achievement. The fact that his business in Dublin requires to be served by a standing army of able-bodied men, and that this army is well treated, is appreciated up and down the country. He sets his own physical standards; he is the recruiting-officer-in-chief of the business world. To his father, Sir Benjamin Guinness, brewer and son of a brewer, must be accredited the first vast development of a concern which, in the first half of the nineteenth century, was merely local. Dickens, in "Pickwick," comments on stout as a beverage

peculiar to Dublin. Sir Benjamin saw the possibilities of exportation. He exported to such purpose that within a few years he was spending £150,000 on the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral. At his death his personal estate was sworn at £1,100,000. That was in 1868, before the days of many millionaires. Since then fortunes in general have increased, and so has this particular one.

Stout the Symbol
of Genuine
Protestantism.

It was, according to Mr. Chesterton's discovery that the creed of men and their beverages are closely connected, perfectly natural that Sir Benjamin should have turned his attention to St. Patrick's Cathedral. "Wine," says "G. K. C.," "stands for genuine Catholicism, stout for genuine Protestantism, for those are

real religions, with comfort and strength in them." And there are many traditional links between the cloth and cask. The raconteur of Lord Iveagh's family circle tells the story of the seven clerics who, being the guests of a Teviotdale baronet, found themselves despatched to bed each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a consultation, the butler was recalled. "My friend," said the spokesman of the seven, "you must know that when we meet together the younger reads aloud the Scripture to the rest. Only one Bible, therefore, is necessary. Take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

The Family Gods—
and Better!

Whatever may be the anecdotes that find their way into the presence of Lord Iveagh, it is but proper to turn at last to the things that really interest him, or that mark and make the man. He is kind-hearted

in so pre-eminent a degree that no other characteristic can matter much in comparison. Among his interests, art and art-collecting take so much the most important place that other things hardly count. Grosvenor Place is stuffed full with his treasures. Nor are the things he values ever rubbish. In Dublin, long before he put himself into the hands of Bond Street magnates, he did the spade-work of collecting. He schooled himself there in the art of knowing what to accept—or, more important, what to reject. Elveden, which, as a building, is a monument to the taste of the Maharajah who was there before him rather than to his own, has grown interesting by reason of its contents. So, too, has Lord Iveagh's family grown. His sons have brought him daughters-in-law who speak of a connoisseurship in something more important than household gods—in household goddesses, or angels.



VISCOUNT IVEAGH.

Edward Cecil Guinness, K.P., G.C.V.O., LL.D., F.R.S., first Viscount Iveagh and a Baronet, is the third son of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, M.P., by Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Edward Guinness, of Dublin; and is the only brother of Lord Ardilaun. He was born on November 10, 1847. In 1873 he married Adelaide Maria, daughter of the late Richard Samuel Guinness, M.P.—[Photograph by Lafayette]

"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED": BRIDES AND FIANCEES.



1. MISS FRANCESCA CASELLA, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN NICHOLAS GRAHAM LEADBITTER-SMITH.
4. MISS G. DOROTHY SMYTH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN PERCY H. M. TAYLOR WAS FIXED FOR AUG. 30.
7. MISS MARJORIE ELLISON WOODS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. W. R. HARTCUP, DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.

2. MISS AUDREY M. C. BRUCE-PRYCE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN L. R. SCHUSTER.
5. MISS RACHEL EMILY FOLJAMBE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN VICTOR YEATS BROWN, 60TH RIFLES.
8. MISS ANNETTE MARY HUTCHISON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN RICHARD M. HARBORD.

3. MISS LEONORA R. H. HUNTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ARTHUR BASSETT HEARLE WAS FIXED FOR AUG. 30.
6. MISS DOROTHY DYMOKE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM HAMMOND.
9. MISS EVA WINIFRED MILLWARD WRIGHT, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. K. DOUGLAS ABERCROMBY ON THE 9TH.

Miss Casella is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles F. Casella, of Ventnor Villas, Hove. Captain Leadbitter-Smith, late of the 3rd Battalion Durham Light Infantry, is the second surviving son of Colonel Leadbitter-Smith, of Flass Hall, Durham.—Miss Bruce-Pryce is the daughter of the late Mr. Alan Cameron Bruce-Pryce, of Monkash, Glamorgan, and of Mrs. Bruce-Pryce, of Abbeyholme, Cheltenham. Captain Schuster is in the King's Regiment.—Miss Hunter is the daughter of Mr. Duncan H. Hunter, Punjab Police (retired). Mr. Hearle is in the Royal Garrison Artillery, and is the son

of Lieutenant-Colonel Parkins Hearle, R.M.L.I. (retired).—Miss Smyth is the daughter of Colonel Hugh S. Smyth, of Bayford, Broadwater. Mr. Taylor is in the Indian Army.—Miss Foljambe is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Foljambe, of Osberton, Notts, and 89, Queen's Gate.—Miss Dymoke is the step-daughter of Mr. A. Innes-Keyes, of Old Windsor.—Miss Woods is the daughter of Mr. James Woods, of Swarland Hall, Northumberland.—Miss Hutchison is the daughter of the late Mr. Hutchison, of Lauriston Hall.—Miss Wright is the only daughter of Mr. H. M. Wright, of Finchley.

Photographs by Swaine, Thompson, Sarony, Pragnell, Val l'Estrange, Lafayette.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE suggestion made in several quarters, but ridiculed at the time in this column, that Dr. Page would settle in South Kensington, has been disposed of. After the many unofficial efforts, generally in the direction of the suburbs, to find a house small enough to fit the Ambassador's purse, it is satisfactory to know that he can afford one of "those cottagey houses in Grosvenor Square"—as they were called by the Duchess of Sutherland when she surveyed pigmy London from the heights of Stafford House. From the standpoint of Dorchester House, too, Dr. Page's dwelling dwindles into comparative insignificance; but, according to all ordinary standards of size, it is a large house.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FRANK BURGESS: MRS. BUTLER.

Mrs. Butler, of Henbury Hill, Gloucestershire, it has been announced, is engaged to Captain Frank Burgess, late of the Gloucestershire Regiment, of Khartoum.—[*Photograph by Swaine.*]

Carlton House Terrace, where Mr. Hay and Mr. Choate held state, before the Dorchester House régime. It was on leaving the street of Ambassadors for a Ministerial office in Washington that Hay said, "Now all my fun in life is over!" He liked his position and his own dinner-parties. The new Ambassador would have been just as happy with Lowell in Lowndes Square; but even in Grosvenor Square he hopes to avoid some of the bustle of town life. He has no intention of following the example of the German Embassy by fixing a little brass plate to his front door. Even if he put up "Dr. Page" and nothing more, he might, he feels, have unnecessary callers,

No Patients Need Apply.

The American Ambassador's personal ambitions as a householder were not fixed on Park Lane, or even on

and no consulting-room in which to receive them.

Society, Without the Sins.

When Father Bernard Vaughan rails against smart people from the pulpit in Farm Street, a congregation of smart people is attentive. When he tells how ladies of title cheat their dressmakers, and noblemen their tailors, he has more than commoners to listen to him. But nobody thinks any the worse of the congregation on the score of his strictures, nor does the congregation think

unkindly of the preacher. His invective is directed against the people—impossible people—who are absent. Society is friendly when it goes to Father Bernard Vaughan, and he is friendly when he goes to Society. Last week he was one of the party at Ravensdale Park, where his host and hostess did everything to entertain him, except, he admits, give him new "sins of Society" for an autumn course of sermons.

Vanities and Vaughanities.

To be Lord and Lady Arran's guest last week may not have meant, as far as Ravensdale Park was concerned,

any "copy" for Father Bernard Vaughan; but it did mean the Horse Show, which provides a fair display of vanities. A thousand pretty frocks and a frivolous ex-Prime-Minister, a Field-Marshal at play in an army of débutantes, Sir Timothy O'Brien in high spirits, and Lady Gormanston in blue—of such sights is the world of the Show made up. And yet Father Bernard seemed not at all dismayed. He mixed with the throng that had half-feared the severe eye of the modern Savonarola, and was found charming.



ENGAGED TO MRS. WILLIAM JAMES: MAJOR J. C. BRINTON, M.V.O.

Major J. C. Brinton, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, served in the Sudan and in South Africa. Last year he became a Gentleman-Usher to the King.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A FAMOUS HOSTESS TO RE-MARRY: MRS. WILLIAM JAMES, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MAJOR J. C. BRINTON.

Mrs. Willie James, whose first husband, an intimate friend of King Edward, died last year, is one of the best-known hostesses in Society, and has often entertained royalty at her Sussex home, West Dean Park, near Chichester. She also has a great reputation as an amateur actress. Her maiden name was Miss Evelyn Forbes, and her father was the late Sir Charles Forbes, Bt., of Newe.

Photograph by Speaight.



NIECE OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, AND SISTER OF VISCOUNTESS COKE: MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY.

Mrs. Edgar Brassey (formerly Miss Margaret Trefusis) is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis, son of the nineteenth Baron Clinton. Her mother, who died in 1908, was a sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch. Major and Mrs. Edgar Brassey were married in 1911. He is in the 1st Life Guards.—[*Photograph by Swaine.*]

mat, knows a man by the cut of his coat as surely as the late King knew any officer's regiment by his uniform.

At Luncheon. Lord Acton and Sir Edward Carson were able to exchange

views across the luncheon-table of the Kaiser, who enjoyed the study thus presented in political and personal contrasts. Like his father before him, Lord Acton is one of the Peers favourable to the Home Rule on which Sir Edward frowns with all his rather effective eyebrows. But how friendly can such opponents find themselves over German light wines! However, Sir Edward as Unionist is of quite secondary interest to Lord Acton, who has always held that, though the habit makes not the monk, the layman is more or less a creature of his clothes. Lord Acton, who has a larger wardrobe than any other diplo-



A NEW PEER: LORD LAWRENCE.

Lord Lawrence, who has just succeeded as the third Baron, on the death of his father, was formerly known as the Hon. Alexander Graham Lawrence. He was born in 1878, and is a Captain in the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion, Bedfordshire Regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.



A NEW PEERESS: LADY LAWRENCE.

Lady Lawrence, whose husband has just succeeded to the Peerage, was formerly Miss Dorothy Hobson, and is a daughter of the late Mr. A. P. Hobson, Inspector-General of Police, St. Vincent. She married the Hon. Alexander Graham Lawrence in 1907.

Photograph by Swaine.

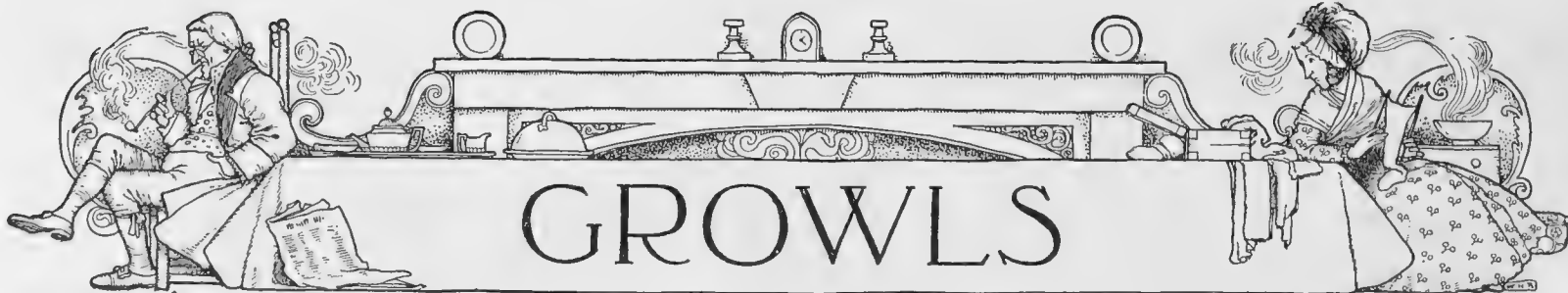
GRACE AND AMAZON COMBINED: WOMAN AS JAVELIN-THROWER.



A NEW SPORT FOR THE ATHLETIC GIRL: A PASTIME WHICH INVOLVES NO LOSS OF GRACEFULNESS.

The athletic girl, her games and graces, has been very much under discussion of late, notably in a correspondence in the "Daily Telegraph." Some supported her against the domesticated girl, others condemned her, while others, again, recommended a judicious blending of the two. One objection to some of the sports, such as hockey, taken up by women is that it tends to make them ungraceful. Such a charge, at any rate, cannot be brought against the pastime of javelin-throwing, which, as our

photographs show, produces most graceful attitudes and movements. Javelin-throwing is, of course, a very ancient pursuit, though formerly one followed for the more serious purposes of war and hunting. Women as well as men have used javelins in war—as, for example, Hippolyta and her Amazons, or Boadicea. The standard javelin used for the modern pastime weighs 11 lb. 6 oz., and is 8 ft. 5 in. long. A smaller and lighter one is made specially for women.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



THE LOSING OF LUXURIES: IS THERE A PLOT?

ONLY a day or two ago an occurrence has taken place which, though it happens every year, is none the less to be accounted as of national importance. I refer to the appearance in the name of the month of the letter which means so much to so many of us whose interests are worthy of serious consideration. The fact that the word September contains an "r" to the cultured section

of the community heralds the dawn of the oyster, a bivalve which has received the highest testimonials from the Faculty, which has been acclaimed for its succulence by all journalists of adequate verbal equipment, and which has been beloved of the gourmet from a time whereunto the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. To all who take an intelligent interest in this impressive event it must come as an intellectual shock to read the disquieting reports issued from the dormitories in which this privileged creature dreams drowsily of a glorious gastronomic future. It is frigidly stated that all is not well with the oyster, that climatic conditions have been far from favourable to its physical development, and that neither from the point of view of size nor of succulence does it approach to the requirements of a refined civilisation. To the individual of taste and the means to gratify it, this is a calamitous matter, and, following as it does closely on the heels of other and kindred disasters, gives him furiously to think. It is a matter of common knowledge that during the past few years the vineyards of France have ignominiously failed to produce one tenth of the supply of champagne confidently and justifiably expected of them, while the moors this year have been found lamentably wanting in the payment of that

tribute of grouse which we have grown to regard as a prescriptive right. It now only remains for us to be told that a strike amongst the sturgeon will debar us of our caviare, and that the plover has issued an ultimatum on the question of eggs to scatter despair and panic throughout the ranks of the gastronomic.

Is It Lack of Care?

The concatenation I point out suggests a dreary prospect for the conscientious student of good things, and while I am not wholly disinclined to give credence to those who attribute these

successive catastrophes to the indefensible vagaries of the weather, I cannot help harbouring a suspicion that somewhere or other there must have been a carelessness culpable to the point of criminality. There is sent into the world a certain class of person whose clearly defined duty it is to minister to the cultivated desires of those who are gifted with the power of delicate discrimination, and who are sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to remunerate handsomely those who, in pursuance of their destiny,

furnish the delicacies which are demanded of them; and however marked may be the eccentricities of the elements, such persons should find means to combat them. They should even call in the assistance of Science rather than fail to perform that mission which, after all, is their chief, if not their sole, justification for existence. When at a particular season of the year an expert in the art of the

table looks to them for an article appropriate to that season, he should not be doomed to look in vain. It is not enough that they shall say that the weather has been unpropitious and lay the blame upon the shoulders of the sun. A great soul is yearning for its rights, and it is for them to see that it yearns to some purpose. Who can estimate the harmful effects wrought upon a constitution when, after a palate has been tuned to a nicety for the reception of half-a-dozen of the best on the deep shell, the required alimentation is not forthcoming? No amount of meteorological criticism will suffice to repair a broken heart.

Or Is It Something Worse?

And as I brood over this fateful problem a suspicion still more sinister in its character insists on

obtruding itself upon my mind. Can these contemporaneous shortages in the higher things of life be due to a dark and deliberately organised conspiracy? Can it be that we conceal within our midst a class so blind in its hatred and so dead to elementary decency that it has banded itself together with the fell intent to withhold from its superiors those subtle joys which go so far towards making a continuation of existence possible and desirable? Can jealousy be carried to such lengths that desperadoes

will bind themselves by fearful oaths to drive to desperation those nobler natures to whose imagination the chop and steak make an un-availing appeal, and will strive to oust them from the face of the earth by withholding from them those luxuries which have in course of time become necessities? I am averse from liking to feel that such things can be; but when these momentous deprivations follow one another with such dogged persistency, I cannot but do my modest best to elucidate the reasons for this gloomy procession. Throughout the world there

are deplorable indications of class-hatred, and human nature at its worst is capable of shocking inhumanity, but it will be indeed a black day for mankind when he who asks for champagne shall be given four-half, and when he who asks for an oyster shall be put off with a whelk. I am not in a position to bring a definite charge against anyone: I content myself with calling the attention of sociologists to the appalling possibilities of the situation.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



NOT A GENERAL FASHION! A GERMAN CAVALRYMAN ABOUT TO CROSS A RIVER DURING MANOEUVRES.

Photograph by Trampus.



ARMED AS TO CAP, BUT NOT AS TO PIE! GERMAN CAVALRYMEN GETTING INTO THEIR UNIFORMS AFTER HAVING SWUM THEIR HORSES ACROSS A RIVER.

Photograph by Trampus.

Hotel Hogs.



V.—THE FISH - KILLERS.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SERVANTS LEFT, IF DESIRED: WORSE THAN MARRYING A WIDOWER.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THOSE of you who take your holiday late and in your Mother Country may be tempted by advertisements such as this: "Gentleman's house to be let for September. Lovely country, only six miles from a station, eleven bed-rooms, five reception-rooms, usual offices, large gardens, orchard, tennis, croquet, pony and trap; servants left, if desired."

If you are tempted, resist—resist with whatever energy the summer has left in you. Such a house, in such conditions, is not a holiday home—it is a trial of your optimism, of your physical endurance and Christian forbearance. If the photograph of the house appeals to you irresistibly, in spite of the six miles from the station, then take it; but lock five of the bedrooms, and carefully lose the key of each, so that you can't possibly have dear friends inviting themselves just when you have an idea for a new chapter or want a rest-cure; send the pony and trap to the furniture depository—other people's pets and children are perverse creatures, intent on accidents or suicide; seal the tennis-box and the croquet-box before witnesses and place them in a safe at the bank—balls have an infallible habit of hiding themselves in ditches or chimney-pots, and of being swallowed whole by puppies and the gardener's children; and on no account desire that servants should be left: to have other people's servants in those other people's house, it's—*it's worse than marrying a widower!* You are, it would seem, treading the dust of the dead. You are the interloper, the supplanter, the wrongful heir, the one who invaded the sacred precincts through his vile gold. Servants, at best, are never *desired*; they are merely and unfortunately needed. Other people's servants will serve you on sufferance to please their departed masters. They have not chosen you, remember; you were brought into the house where they reigned by the ignoble wind of lucre. Their employers may be curmudgeons, and you the meekest, most generous creature since St. Vincent de Paul; no matter, you have been forced upon them, and they will let you see it. Do not dare ask them not to bang a door; they might answer you: "Mrs. Robinson" (the Owner of the House) "never objected to the banging of doors, *she didn't*; she said it was a cheerful-like noise in a big house, she said." If you take a painful dislike to a photograph of the couple Robinson on their wedding-day, or of Miss Robinson on her presentation at Court, or a sinister oil-portrait of an ancestor Robinson, do not dare to turn their faces to the wall or find them in the attic a place "where they will not get spoiled": an invincible housemaid will see to it that they are kept in their place—and you in yours! If the house is not let without the servants, take the house and send the servants

to Brighton or Bexhill for a holiday at your expense. Then engage some raw recruits from the village. They will keep you busy and amused, and if the bust of Grandfather Robinson should suddenly disappear from the library, they will be indulgent to iconoclasm.

A friend of mine and her husband, a childless couple, took a house of the above description somewhere near the river. No servants were left, except the gardener and his wife. I went to see them the other Sunday, and, to my surprise, I saw my friend on the lawn with a fine new baby in her arms. "Ah," I said, "I am glad to see you have thought better of it!" My friend blushed. "It's not mine," she protested; "it is the gardener's wife's." "I did not know you liked babies so much as to borrow them." My friend

smiled. "I have grown to like this one very much. The gardener's wife is supposed to do the work of the house, but as she could not manage it with the baby, I have engaged a girl from the village. Baby's mamma is drilling her now, so that baby must have someone to pet him meanwhile—mustn't oo, my pretty pet?" My friend has learned all about babies during her holiday. So few of us bring back any useful information from their vacation.

Last Sunday I went again to the country to see my friend of the borrowed baby. The girl from the village opened the door to me. She knew me again, smiled charmingly, and in a cordial voice wished me a "Good afternoon, Martouche; come in!"—which left me gasping. "Is your maid a Socialist or an American?" I asked of my friend. "She has just 'Martouched' me in the most sisterly fashion when I came in." "You cannot have heard right," my friend assured me: "Helen is the most timid, most respectful

maids; she would never dream of calling you by your pet name. But I'll ask her." She came back, the baby in her arms, laughing so that the child, though young, must have been a good sailor. "She did, she did!" my friend cried. "She heard us call you 'Martouche,' and she thought 'it was one of them furrin' titles'!"

At that very moment the new maid made an irruption into the bed-room, and stopped, staring at me. She had come, perhaps, to apologise, but the sight of the eyelashes-brush I was applying seemed to engross her attention to such an extent that she remained leaning against the wardrobe, lost in the contemplation of me. "Helen," my friend said gently, "one always knocks before entering a bed-room, you know."

The maid started, and then blushed all over her adorable English skin. "I beg your pardon, Mum; I am a regular fool, I am; but I'll knock as I go out." She retired on tiptoe, closed the door, and duly knocked on it before re-descending to her drilling quarters.



THEY KNOW HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE IN BOSTON, U.S.A.: AN X-RAY GOWN TO BE WORN AT TEA-DANCES IN AMERICA THIS FALL.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



KNOCKING THEM AT KNOCKE, IN BELGIUM: A CHARMING VIENNESE ACTRESS IN HER SILVERY, FISH-SCALES, MERMAID BATHING-SUIT.

Photograph by C.N.

SEVEN AGES OF "WOMAN."



THE FLAPPER (ALIAS "THE PLAIT-PARADER"; ALIAS "THE KNUT'S OWN.")

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



THE C.I.D. AND THE CRIMINALS' JIG-SAWS: THE REAL DETECTIVE AT WORK.*

The C.I.D. Method. "The Grell Mystery" is full of experience. Had Mr. Frank Froest never been Superintendent, Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, he might never have produced so convincing a chronicle of crime. On the other hand, he might, and probably would, have written a series of splendid "thrillers." The sense of story-telling is highly developed in him,



A PLACE OF VERY PLEASANT EXILE: FULWELL PARK, TWICKENHAM, WHICH KING MANUEL HAS TAKEN TO BE HIS LONDON HOME AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

and he is adept not only at knowing what the public wants, but at giving them precisely that thing without sacrificing accuracy in dealing with those common-sense, painstaking, ingenious, scientific methods of detection which are so ably practised by our C.I.D., and by far too few of the detectives of fiction. And, remembering how often the "policeman" has been made a butt for the half-amateur "investigators" of the novelists, Mr. Froest is very gentle with those picturesque, perturbing personages. See how mildly he suggests the impossibility of too much Harley-Streetism in a single man. "He [Foyle, of the C.I.D.] had an elementary knowledge of the subject, but he had no intention of attempting to solve it himself. There were always experts to whom appeal could be made. A successful detective, like a successful journalist, is a man who knows the value of specialists—who knows where to go for the information he wants." See how modest Foyle is, too, when he has fitted together the puzzling pieces of the jig-saw contrived by the criminals and chance—their *aide*. "It has all been a matter of organisation. . . . In dealing with an intricate case, no man is at his best working alone. However able or brilliant a detective is, he cannot systematically bring off successful coups single-handed—outside a novel. He is a wheel in a machine. . . . He is almost helpless alone. There are many people who believe that a detective's work is a kind of mental sleight-of-hand. 'By some means, he picks up a trivial clue which inevitably leads, by some magic process, to the solution of the mystery. I do not say that deductions are not helpful, but they are not all. A great writer once compared the science of detection to a game of cards, and the comparison is very accurate. A good player can judge, with reasonable certainty, the cards in the hands of each of his opponents. But he can never be absolutely certain—especially when he is unacquainted with his opponent's methods of play. Detection can never be reduced to a mathematical certainty until you level human nature, so that every person in the same set of circumstances will act in exactly the same way. Like doctors, we have to diagnose from circumstances, and even the greatest doctors are wrong at times. Specialist knowledge has often to be called in."

Science Aiding the Detective. It is that very employment of specialism which adds so much to Mr. Froest's book. Foyle uses every means to make the Grell Mystery mystery no longer: the preparation of elaborate dossiers, watchings and waitings, disguises, telephone and telegraph, "agony column" advertisements, quick questionings, finger-prints obtained by cunning devices, blotting-paper with tell-tale impressions upon it, the doctor, the photographer, the "copper's nark," the journalist seeking "copy,"

the expert in typewriting, bluff, tact, force, "burglarious" entry, ciphers, very nearly the Third Degree, always knowledge of man and woman, the knowledge only experience can bring. Of all the clues, finger-prints are the most important—and for a great part of the story the most dangerous. The first which came into the case were on the handle of the dagger found in the body of the supposed Grell. Graphite was dusted on to the hilt. Then Foyle blew the stuff away. "Outlined in black against the white surface of the ivory were four finger-prints." Later, these were photographed and compared with the records: the evidence was negative, despite the most careful examination of "laterals," "lakes," and "accidentals." Various others were under scrutiny subsequently, chiefly obtained by trick—the "forced" handling of a surface certain to retain marks. Then there is that of the typewriting. "'Let's see if we can learn anything from the typing.' Half-an-hour later three men stood in a tiny room, darkened save for a vivid patch of white on a screen a yard and a half square. Foyle and Green watched the screen intently as the third man inserted the slide in the powerful magic-lantern. Magnified enormously, the type-written characters stood out vividly black against the white. 'What do you make of it, Green?' asked the Superintendent, after a pause. 'Remington machine, latest pattern,' answered the other briefly. 'The letter "b" slightly battered, and the "o" out of alignment. Used by a beginner. There is a double spacing between some of the lines, and single in others. A capital "W" has been superimposed on a small one.'" That leads to the tracking of the machine used and its user. So methodically does the C.I.D. work, with infinite patience and care for detail.

Coincidences—
and Gambling—
Den
Details.

And, you beginners, remember the old hand's table—

One coincidence	=	0
Two coincidences	=	2
Three	=	6
Four	=	24
Five	=	120

while you add to your brain-shelves a note about gambling-dens: "This was the place Heldon Foyle had made up his mind to enter single-handed—a place in which the precautions against surprise were so complete that every article which could be identified as a gambling implement was made of material which could be readily burnt, or soluble at a temperature lower than that of boiling water.



WITH ITS OWN GOLF-COURSE, FISHING, BOATING, AND SO ON: KING MANUEL'S NEW HOME, FULWELL PARK, WHICH HAS SOME FIFTY ACRES OF CHARMING GROUNDS.

Fulwell Park, Twickenham, taken by King Manuel to be his London home after his marriage, is, perhaps, the finest residence in the neighbourhood. Some of it dates back to the days of James II., but it is Georgian for the main part. Its accommodation includes over a score of bed-rooms, six reception-rooms, four bath-rooms, and a large lounge with old cathedral-glass windows. The grounds cover some fifty acres, with lawns, flower-gardens, peach-houses, kitchen-gardens, vinerias, a sporting nine-hole golf-course, and tennis-courts. The River Crane flows through the lower part of the estate, and provides both boating and fishing.

Photograph by G.P.U.

A big saucepan was continually simmering on the fire, so that the implements could be dropped into it at a second's notice." Designedly, we have said nothing to "give away" Mr. Froest's novel: it is a first-rate detective story, and should be read by all who like an enthralling yarn of a mystery seemingly insoluble.

* "The Grell Mystery." By Frank Froest, Late Superintendent, Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard. (Eveleigh Nash; 6s.)

THE SON AND 'AIR.



THE KIND LADY: What are you crying about, little boy?

THE BOY: Boo-hoo! I 'ave to wear all farver's old things, an' 'e's bin an' clean-shaved 'isself this mornin', an' now they'll make me wear all those red whiskers.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MR. WELSFORD-POTTS, M.P.

By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

THE war-canoes were coming down the river. The tribes under the protection of the other Power were troublesome and worrying our natives considerably. I won't mention the other Power. Far be it from me to cause international complications. But I will say it has been their game, when we first came into colonial collision in Canada, on the St. Lawrence, in India, and on the West Coast of Africa, to raise their protected natives, first as a *ballon d'essai*, afterwards to help in the campaign if the first attempts justified one. But I will not mention the name.

Said the Lieutenant to Sergeant Harding, "I can't help thinkin', Hardin', somethin' has been happenin' in Europe lately."

"Yes, Sir; I shouldn't be surprised. It has a habit of doing so, Sir," said Harding.

"I don't think, Hardin'," replied the Lieutenant, "things happen as much in Europe while we are here as they used to when we were there."

"When I turn my mind back, Sir, to the North Camp Music Hall, Aldershot—I don't know if you ever heard of it, Sir?"

"Once."

"When I turn my mind back to that, Sir, and think over the subject, I am inclined to agree."

"I've a kind of feelin' that there's war in the air. It seems these war-canoes mean somethin'. I think our friends up the river must have heard somethin' we haven't, and are gettin' ready."

"How could they hear if we haven't, Sir?"

"Don't know, but there are ways. Any man who's seen how news will pass along among natives will agree that there's some way of doin' it we don't understand. Sometimes I wish we had the telegraph, and didn't wait for the mail."

"I've heard of men in supreme command, as you are here, Sir—Field-Marshal and Generals, Sir—who would have given a good deal to have no telegraph."

"So would I, when the circus begins. Till then, I should like to hear as much as would tell me whether there is a European war."

"Have to wait for the mail, Sir."

"There's one thing that worries me. You've heard of Welsford-Potts?"

"M.P. for Exeter Hall, Sir?"

"The same. What is Welsford-Potts noted for?"

"Humanity to coloured brethren, Sir."

"Just so. I got a tip last mail Welsford-Potts was coming by the next, and was to be pleased. Everythin' was to be made smooth. All niggers' stomachs are to be distended with food; all women are to wear weddin'-rings. I don't see how we can manage the latter. But it's important we should know if there is to be a war. How are we to turn our black soldiers into happy comic-opera villagers if we have to keep them under arms?"

"Why is he to be pleased, Sir?"

"If he isn't, he will get up in the House and ask questions."

"I'm to take the men's rifles into store, Sir, and send them loose?"

"Not yet. Will you and the Lion take a dozen men, well armed, and go up the river to explore? See if you can get any news of war or peace."

"To-morrow, Sir?"

"To-night, of course."

"Yes, Sir." As soon as it was cool, he took the "Lion," as he was called—that is, a Sergeant of the King's Own, the Lancasters—Sergeant Big Tom, the black Hercules, and a dozen rank-and-file. Harding was to supply the brains, the Lion fine shooting, Big Tom the muscle, the rank-and-file foot-tons or horse-power effective for paddling.

All night they paddled, while Harding and the Lion took turn and turn about in steering, and Big Tom crouched in the bows and looked out. At last they saw, like an irregular streak between the two lines of overhanging trees, the lightening sky of dawn. They heard, higher up the river, from the direction of the settlement of the other Power, the rhythmic sound of paddles. The number of paddles was too great for any but a war-canoe.

"Easy all," whispered Harding.

"Loaded, Lion?" The Lion nodded. He had a Martini—not such a close shooter as the Lee-Metford or the Lee-Enfield, but carrying a stopping bullet—a lead one that splashed when it hit, whether wood or bone; while the '303 can drill a hole—such a dear, delightful little hole—and do, perhaps, no real harm at all.

As the sound of the paddles grew louder and louder, and as Harding's crew held their breath for fear the noise should be carried to the enemy (for all men are possible enemies on the West Coast), Big Tom, before the white men could even see the outline of the ship, held up both his hands—once, twice, three times. There were thirty rowers in the boat.

Nearer came the sound, till both Harding and the Lion could see the long war-canoe, with the rowers paddling comfortably, and seated in the stern was a white man in ducks—a little, fat, rosy-gilled, puffy man, with an obstinate head, and yet with a pendulous lower lip.

"Halt, or we fire!" cried Harding. "'Vast heaving."

"Who are you who stop us?" cried the little man.

"Ship your paddles."

"We won't," replied the little man.

"Your blood be on your own head. Stop 'em, Lion."

The Lion took aim and made a hole in the canoe's bows below the water-line.

"Plug it up," cried the little man. But his paddlers, though they cared little for perils of water, cared much for perils of fire, and, with one accord, jumped overboard, to risk the alligators of the river and the wild beasts of the dark night wood rather than the terrible Martini in the hands of a white man, and blazing in a darkness where it could not be seen.

The canoe began to take a dip, and to dip at an increasing angle, while the white man, from his sitting position, began to assume a more upright one.

"Give way all," cried Harding. And his canoe went out to bring in the victim, who spluttered as Harding hauled him into the boat by the slack of his breeches.

"What is the meaning of this outrage? Here am I, a respectable English traveller, subjected to restraint and my life threatened."

"Bagman?" asked Harding.

"Bagman! What do you mean by this fresh insult, Sir?"

"My dear, good man," said Harding soothingly, "you said you were a traveller."

"I am a traveller for the good I can do to our coloured fellow-subjects. And while I am on my civilising mission, you attempt my life."

"Who attempted your life?"

"How do I know who did? The shot which struck our canoe might as well have killed me."

"What do you think of that, Lion?" asked Harding.

"I say," said the Lion, "it reminds me of what happened to my uncle the horse-gunner in India."

"Time for that when we are home," said Harding. "What about this gentleman's statement you might as easily have shot him as put a bullet into the bows?"

"I put the bullet where I put it because I wanted to put it there. If the gentleman will stand a hundred yards from us with a fruit on his head, I'll guarantee to shoot it off as well as William Tell. If I don't, Sir, I'll forfeit a sovereign—and that's a lot for a poor man."

The little man looked horrified. He thought he had fallen into the hands of savages, who sought to torture him before they took his life, and he thought the Lion's genuine offer part of his torture.

"He gets no hundred yards from me, Lion," said Harding. "He doesn't look like a runner—appearances are deceptive. Once he gets a hundred yards' start, who knows his blacks won't get him away? And I'll allow none of ours ashore while there are thirty in the undergrowth."

"I don't call it sportsmanlike," grumbled the Lion—"spoiling as nice a bit of fancy shooting as I've done for many a day."

"Save me from this sanguinary ruffian!" said the little man.

"You hear what the gentleman calls you? And far be it from

[Continued overleaf.]

“FIERCE WORK IT WERE TO DO AGAIN.”



WIFE (to husband struggling to fasten the luggage): Oh, Harold, I forgot to tell you, the key is at the bottom of the trunk.

DRAWN BY E. H. SHEPARD.

me to say he is wrong, although I might use a shorter word. Reassure yourself, Sir. You shall not leave my sight until you are in prison."

"In prison!" shrieked the little man. "You shall smart for this. I shall take care to rise from my seat in the House, to ask if this is the way a Member is treated by the mercenaries he employs."

"Civil words," growled the Lion. "Shilling a day—less deductions—is nothing to be proud of paying."

"I shall write to the *Times*."

"Oh, they don't print such things. Try one of the Sundays."

"I will. I'll try 'em all."

"Say what you like," said Harding.

"On what grounds do you perpetrate these outrages?"

"I'm not asking questions to make *you* incriminate yourself. You know well who you are."

"Do you take me for a lunatic? I'm Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

"I don't take you for a lunatic; but you're a first-class liar. I know Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., is not due until next mail."

"I assure you, my good fellow, I am Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P. I'll show you my pocket-book and papers."

He felt in his pocket. His face fell. The pocket was empty.

"Annoying! I must have packed it in the trunk I had with me on the canoe. I forgot to remove it from the pocket of the other jacket when I put on this suit. And the trunk went down in the canoe. I assure you I am Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

Harding gave him an old-fashioned look.

"Here's my handkerchief."

"It has 'W. P.' on it," said Harding; "but it has no 'M.P.' I'm sure Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., never had a handkerchief that was not marked 'M.P.'"

"What can I do to convince you?"

"You can explain to the Lieutenant. Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., we've heard of your poking your nose where it wasn't wanted, and how, according to you, a nigger is always right and a white man is always wrong. We're going to give our folks double rations when you come, to make them fat and happy; and all these sanguinary mercenaries of ours will be peaceful villagers. Positively for one night only, each of them will be the husband of one wife."

"You do know I'm Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

"Of course we do. You're the man we should pick out to tell the tale to, aren't you?"

"For whom do you take me, then? You know Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., is coming here—why won't you believe the truth when I tell you I am he?"

"I don't know your name, and I don't care, for I don't suppose you will tell the truth. I know what you are—you're an Englishman in foreign service. We found you in a war-canoe with the other folk's niggers. You're an Englishman acting as a foreign spy. As for that ass Welsford-Potts, he's not arrived in Africa. He's coming by next mail. When he gets here, we'll have the window dressed for him."

"I came by last mail, and went to the foreign settlement, and they treated me very kindly, and showed me everything, and explained how well they treated their black brethren."

"They dressed their window, too."

"I'm sure they didn't. They are humanitarian. They sent me down to a British settlement."

"Very pretty, Johnny. What's your name?"

"Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

"Take another alias for a while."

"But I am Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

"It's a long name, especially with the M.P.; but I suppose we must call you that, and it seems incomplete without M.P. Were you born M.P.? You look as if you were a Member of an hereditary House of Commons. It's people like Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., who make spies like you possible. We may just as well call you Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

Harding brought his prisoner to the town, and lodged him in the jail. After, he went to report to the Lieutenant.

"Discovered anythin', Hardin'?"

"I've no information, Sir. I've captured a spy." And he told the Lieutenant all that had happened. The Lieutenant went down to the jail. There was poor accommodation at the jail for white prisoners, for they were unknown before the spy took up his quarters there.

"Have you any communication to make?"

"I am Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., and I shall, as soon as I return to England and take my seat in the House—"

"I've heard all about that from Sergeant Hardin'. What I want to know is, has war broken out, and what are the intentions of our friends up the river?"

"War has not broken out, and with the advent of enlightened and humanitarian legislators all over the world, wars will not break out in future. If we take care not to offend our brethren of other races—"

"All right. What are our friends up above doin' to prepare for war?"

"Nothing. They are humane people—the idea of war is far from them. They treated me like a prince, while you—"

"You refuse to answer. I'll call to-morrow to see if you alter your mind. There will be half-a-dozen niggers, who have been

stealin' and committin' other crimes, who share your room. Sorry we have no separate place for white prisoners."

The next day the Lieutenant called again, and found the spy in collapse.

"Take me away," he sobbed.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P.; but take me out, and you can call me any name you please, and I shan't write to the papers or ask questions. Take me out."

"Away from your coloured brethren?"

"Please take me away from these horrible black men."

"I see what's the matter, Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P.; you don't understand the black man, so you don't know how to handle him."

"I may have been wrong in some of my views. It is possible that a more drastic method of treatment is necessary with the coloured races."

"That's a concession, Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P. But to come to your other personality of a spy. Have you any information as to the preparations of our friends up the river?"

"I'm not a spy. I know nothing."

"Then stay here till you do."

"Poor devil!" thought the Lieutenant. "To be left among those niggers. Still, one need have no pity for a spy. But it won't do to keep him there after to-morrow. It is too subversive of discipline to let those niggers inhabit the same prison as a white man."

The next day the Lieutenant visited the spy again. He was still more broken up.

"Anythin' to report, Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P.?"

"Anything you like."

"I don't want that report. I want a truthful report."

"They have five thousand natives, and they will all be down here on Thursday evening."

"Any guns?"

"Ten machine-guns."

"You're a liar, Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

"I know; but you said you'd take me out if I made you a report."

For a moment a horrible suspicion crossed the Lieutenant's mind. But he dismissed it as ridiculous.

"It's very difficult, Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., to tell when you're lyin' or not. Are you lyin' now, or were you lyin' a moment since? I suppose it's your trade, and that's why you do it so well."

"What trade?"

"That of a spy."

"Oh, I thought you meant that of an M.P."

"Now look here, Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., I shall have you up at my bungalow under the charge of Hardin'. If you try to get away, he'll put a bullet in you. If Thursday comes, and no natives, back you go to prison."

"Any respite is better than none."

"Then say good-bye to your black brethren and come with me."

Thursday was a difficult day. The native troops had to be under arms in case of an assault, as indicated by the spy. But on Thursday the mail was due, and the windows had to be dressed for Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., the real Simon Pure. The day wore on, and no assault was developed, but the smoke of the mail-boat rose upon the horizon. The soldiers had great difficulty in appearing at one and the same moment as peaceful villagers and defenders of other folks' countries. Then the boat's masts and smoke-stack showed up, then the hull, and at length her Captain was seen putting off in the small boat which carried the very small mail-bag for the white men. It was very irregular, and the chief officer's work, but the Captain always liked to come ashore for a yarn. The Lieutenant was down at the beach to welcome the white faces, and to ask after Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P. The Captain knew that globe-trotter by sight, but he had not come by that mail. In fact, the Captain knew nothing of his movements. Then the Lieutenant told the Captain of the spy who pretended to be Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P. That, they both agreed, was a fine joke.

"You shall see him," said the Lieutenant, as they sat at tiffin in the bungalow. "We'll have in Samson to make sport before the Philistines. Hardin'," he called aloud, "bring in Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

Harding brought in the depressed and gloomy prisoner, whose appearance was quite changed, whose gills were no longer ruddy, whose waistcoat hung loosely over his reduced paunch.

"Why," said the Captain, "Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

"Keep it up," whispered the Lieutenant, as he looked at Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P., but spoke to the Captain.

"This isn't a joke," said the Captain.

"Go on," prompted the Lieutenant, while Harding winked a sympathetic eye.

"But this is the real Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P."

The Lieutenant looked at the spy and grinned. Then he looked at the Captain, and saw the expression on the face of the one man who knew the real Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P. Then the Lieutenant's jaw dropped, for he saw in the Captain's face that the unfortunate prisoner was the real Mr. Welsford-Potts, M.P.

And now the Lieutenant and Harding are waiting for the questions in the House.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK: THE IRISH AND AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS AND THE JUBILEE VASE.

Events in Three Places.

Not since the weeks of the great championships has there been one so thick in competitive events of first-class interest as this present one; for in three places there are competitions of high public interest going on. Up at St. Andrews there is the match-play tournament for the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase in progress. In its time this competition, which was originated on the occasion of the first jubilee, has produced some notable results. The very first winner was Mr. Robert Whyte, who is well known as one of the male rulers of the Ladies' Golf Union, while the last one was Mr. Roosevelt Scovel. A feature of the records which has a special significance is the number of times that the back-markers have come out winners at the end. The class of play put forward by the members of the Royal and Ancient Club who are down to scratch, or not quite there, is generally so good that a man who is owing three strokes (no man being asked to owe more) has an unusually stiff task before him; but, on the other hand, St. Andrews is a course on which every little bit of extra knowledge tells well. So it has come about that three times a man owing the limit has become victor—the late F. G. Tait being the first, in 1895; Mr. Edward Blackwell being the second, in 1903; and Mr. R. H. de Montmorency the third, in 1910. But more notable still is the circumstance that as many as eight men owing one stroke have won.

The Irish home golfing affairs are concerned, chief interest is centred in the Irish Open Amateur

But so far as



WINNER OF THE WELSH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. H. N. ATKINSON.

the Amateur Championship itself, and the Irish hosts see to it that everybody has a most excellent time. This year's affair is being held at Dollymount, which is the home of the Royal Dublin Club, the second oldest in Ireland. Dollymount is a very fine course indeed, and, its greens being rather smaller than usual and exceptionally well guarded, the approaching is always difficult. This course is generally regarded as the "old St. Andrews" course of Ireland, and, dissimilar in appearance as the two may be, they have many golfing qualities in common. One of the most interesting questions concerning this week's meeting is as to whether Mr. Lionel Munn, undoubtedly the premier amateur golfer of Ireland, will add one more to his former triumphs. He won this Championship three years in succession, from 1909 to 1911, and in two of those years he had such men as Mr. Gordon Lockhart (who is the present holder) and the Hon. Michael Scott to overcome in the finals; while

in the season when the third of these successes was gained he accomplished a most brilliant *tour de force* by winning all three amateur championships of his country—the other two being that confined to native players, and the South of Ireland event. Mr. Munn, who is a barrister and a fine football-player, is not merely the best amateur golfer that Ireland has produced, but one of the best in Britain, who has never done so well in the foremost amateur championship of all as he certainly should have done. The very first time that he entered for it, some years ago at Sandwich, he was associated with a most extraordinary circumstance in that, having tied with Mr. Charles Palmer at the end of the round in which they were engaged, the match had to go on, and hole after hole was halved until the twenty-seventh was reached before Mr. Munn was beaten. One curious mannerism Mr. Munn has that I have seen adopted by no other player:



DURING THE FINAL WHICH ENDED AT THE 38TH HOLE: MR. HAMILTON DRIVING OVER THE RAILWAY.

The final of the Welsh Amateur Golf Championship, which was played at Chester, resulted in a win for Mr. H. N. Atkinson, of Chester, who beat Mr. C. J. Hamilton, of the Royal Porthcawl, at the 38th hole.—[Photographs by Sport and General]

Championship, which is going on at Dollymount. With good golfers in general this is almost certainly the favourite competition of the year. It takes place in the holiday time, the class of entry is nearly as good as that of

Across the Atlantic.

The other big thing that is going on this week is on the other side of the Atlantic, where the American Amateur Championship is being played for at Garden City, near New York. The British interest in the event is not quite what it was expected to be, but people at home are now so well conversant with the names and characteristics of many of the American players that for the future it will always be an event to be considered. At the moment of writing it is impossible to say whether Mr. Abe Mitchell will be a competitor or not. Even if he is, he went over to the States so late that he must surely have left too little time for acclimatisation. Mr. Jerome Travers, who has been carrying everything before him this season, must inevitably have started a very hot favourite, and American golfers will not believe that there is any amateur in the world just now who is capable of beating him on American soil. Many people think that Mr. Charles Evans, generally known as "Chick," has more shots in his bag and is the more accomplished golfer, but he has not the qualities of temperament possessed by the New Jersey player. There are many other good golfers in the competition: for instance, Mr. Walter Travis, often referred to now as "the old man" of American golf, the only Transatlantic player who ever won our championship, and several men of the class of Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, who did so well at St. Andrews.

HENRY LEACH.



RUNNER-UP IN THE WELSH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. C. J. HAMILTON.

he soles his driver in front of the ball on the tee, just as so many players sole their putters before the ball on the green. The reason why his prospects this time are considered more interesting than usual is that he has already just won the Irish Native Championship and so is on the track of a triple success again.



A PRINCESS : A REVUE RE-VIEWED : A COMIC CONSTABLE.

IN its last kick before rebuilding, the Tivoli is showing that it is not only still alive, but is living up to its old traditions. Whatever may be Mr. Tozer's views as to the turns at the other halls within his jurisdiction, he has always reserved the really aristocratic personages for the Tivoli. I have the liveliest recollections of the time when not only the stage of that house, but the conductor's seat also, held royalty. The Prince and Princesse de Broglie did nothing in the direction of making history, but one of them, at any rate, was of the blood royal of France. There was also a day when on that stage appeared the Lady Haldon, who also incidentally omitted to do anything epoch-making. And now we are privileged to see her Highness Princess Khan. Her Highness—who was on the stage, I believe, before she attained royal rank—has elected to make her reappearance in a little piece by Tom Gallon called "All's Fair—." Here we find a retired warrior, Colonel Padwick, in his cottage, an irascible old gentleman full of gout and of contempt for the Territorials, to which force young Richard Nedby, who is in love with the Colonel's daughter, belongs. The ancient warrior treats the young man with much contumely until, driven to desperation by gibes at "Saturday-afternoon soldiers," the latter has recourse to artifice. Some blasting operations are imminent in the immediate vicinity, and the Colonel is led to believe that these detonations are the bombarding efforts of an invading army, to the single-handed discomfiture of which the Territorial devotes himself, firing blank cartridges from the window at a non-existent foe, until the Colonel is so full of admiration for his prowess that he withdraws all his nasty remarks about our citizen soldiers, and entrusts his daughter to the supposed saviour of his country. The programme states that the sketch has been produced under the personal supervision of the author, and he certainly has no reason to complain of the manner of its interpretation. Mr. F. W. Ring is appropriately fierce as the fire-eater, and Mr. Templer Powell is manly as the inventive Territorial; while Miss May Holland makes the character of an old housekeeper amusing. The part of the Colonel's daughter is not a large one, but one is able to form a very fair idea of the histrionic gifts of the Princess.



A CAPITAL PIECE OF STAGE-MANAGEMENT: THE FLIGHT OF THE MONOPLANE IN "IN THE AIR," WHICH PRECEDES "THE BIG GAME" AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Photograph by G.P.U

has undergone very little change, the new attractions merely passing into and out of the main structure, which remains much as it was at the start. The motor still races the express down the mountain-side, the ducks still swim about on the canal, the dauntless damsels still plunge into what is to all appearances a watery grave, and the same walking of the plank is indulged in by the company at intervals during the performance. There is the same recurrence of rag-time, and there is still Mr. Charles Hart, who is, or who seems to be, more lengthy than ever. Miss May Yohe is still doing her little bit, and the chief new turns consist of some excellent skating and the performances of Miss Fanny Brice and Mlle. Mado Minty. Miss Brice has a style of her own. She is attractively impudent, has a command of facial expression, and is not above making herself grotesque. The stage and the gangway are the more joyous for her arrival. Mlle. Mado Minty comes from the Folies Marigny in Paris, and brings with her a great spider's web of ropes, on which she performs evolutions to more or less spidery music, while little butterflies, and finally a blue-bottle in the person of Miss Sadrene

Storri, become captured in the toils. I think I should have found the turn more entertaining had Mlle. Minty looked in the least like a spider, and had not the web looked so easy and undangerous that one felt one could almost tackle it oneself.

Seeing the name "The Fool of the Force" as the title of a sketch at the Holborn Empire, I felt I must go and see it, as it implied a funny policeman. We all, whether we own up to it or not, like to see the constable getting the worst of it. Perhaps it is that we pass our mortal life in such terror of him and his constitutional power that we derive intellectual satisfaction from laughing at his troubles from a safe distance. Mr. George Carney, who has written the sketch and plays the part of the incompetent constable, evidently feels that the public can stand bobby-baiting to an unlimited extent, for there are no less than three scenes to the piece, which turns on a member of the force so feckless that he is warned that unless he effects an arrest before morning he will be dismissed, and, after divers misadventures, is accidentally instrumental in securing the arrest of a notorious burglar. Mr. Carney hardly succeeds in making one laugh all the time, but he is amusing, and his company supports him well, notably a gentleman who plays the small part of a postman, and displays an elocutionary method which suggests that he must have been accustomed to the playing of more heroic parts.

The Comic Policeman.

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THE DORIAN GRAY OF "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: M. LOU-TELLEGEN—AS HIPPOLYTUS IN "PHÈDRE."

Opera House the other afternoon, our visitors from near and distant places have found out where the house is situated, and have decided to include it amongst places to go to during their holiday visit to the Metropolis. Though something like summer weather prevailed outside, there was quite a good collection of people ready to absorb all that "Come Over Here" had to offer them. In form the revue

Still Running. Judging from the appearance of the London



THE DORIAN GRAY OF "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: M. LOU-TELLEGEN—AS THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, IN "JEANNE D'ARC."

Photograph by Marceau.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE STARTING PROBLEM: A RECORD HILL-CLIMB: MONOPOLISTS DISCOMFITED: IN PRAISE OF TAR.

Self-Starters Not an Absolute Necessity.

I note that a well-known veteran American engineer is reported in the *Motor* as being opposed to the idea of starting up an engine by means of an independent starter. He suggests that a self-starter entails added weight and much complication; and I, at least so far as engines of small and moderate power are concerned, agree. If I were the owner of a high-powered car, and had to do my cranking myself, I think I should welcome a self-starter, as would anyone else similarly situated; but in the case of the modern low and medium-powered engines and modern carburettors, these engines start up so easily, even when quite cold, that a starter is really undesirable. If an engine is stubborn in getting under weigh, then, in nine cases out of ten, the carburetter is at fault, and in all probability one of another and up-to-date make will get over the difficulty. The engine that is a generous engine when hot, and a trifle rebellious when cold, can frequently be coaxed to a brisk departure by the injection of a little petrol—or, better, petrol and ether mixed in the proportions of half and half—into the cylinders through the compression-taps. That is why no owner should take an engine without compression-taps.

The Peugeot Prevails Again.

Nothing seems to stop the victorious Peugeot and the equally triumphant Boillot, who appears to be part and parcel of his car. At the late Mont Ventoux Hill Climb, one of the most celebrated contests held year by year in France, Boillot, on his Grand Prix flier, reduced his record up this fourteen miles of winding climb by eight seconds, and made the new record of 17 min. 38 sec.—quite fast enough at which to climb hills. The start takes place at a point 600 feet above sea-level, and by the time the winning-post is attained the car has risen to 6000 feet, or 5400 feet lift in fourteen miles. The steepest gradient—to express it as we can most clearly grasp it—is 1 in 7.7. It is to be regretted that Bablot and his Delage, that have done so well also in France, were precluded by a somewhat serious accident in practice from competing, as was originally intended. I believe I am right when I say that the same mind is responsible for the design of both the Peugeot and Delage engines.

Ford Cars Fight for the Public.

Railway companies cannot be expected to look with over-kindly eyes on motor-cars and motor-omnibuses. Their long-distance traffic has suffered considerably by the one, and their short-distance traffic by the other. The freight carried in connection with the manufacture of cars must be considerable, and this may make some amends. But in this country motor-cars have not yet risen to the dignity of

fighting the battle of the public against an overreaching railway company, as I read occurred in that place of manifold wonders, Detroit. The Detroit United Railway is the equivalent of a company-



SHAPED LIKE A BIRD: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S NEW WATER-PLANE.

Mr. Grahame-White has recently been making some remarkable flights on his new water-plane, which, as our photograph shows, resembles a bird in shape.

Photograph by Barratt.

owned tramway in the United Kingdom. It has, or had, a virtual monopoly of passenger street-conveyance in the city and neighbourhood, and seems to have exploited the public, who were practically at its mercy. It threatened that, if the city insisted upon certain small fare reductions over a portion of the system over which it had limited control, it would stop the cars over the whole system. This would assuredly have been done, but the railway people had reckoned without the Ford Motor Company.

One Thousand Fords or More.

Opposition and defeat from such a quarter must have dropped like a bombshell on this tyrannical corporation, for had they made good their threat, the whole business of the city would, of course, have been dislocated. On to the stage then stepped Mr. James Couzens, the secretary and treasurer of the Ford Company, who, with the knowledge and consent of Messrs. Henry Ford and John F. Dodge, president and vice-president, paralysed the railway people by an offer of one thousand Ford cars, or as many more as might be required, for use as public-service vehicles, and to enable the city to triumph over their would-be oppressors. Incontinently and unconditionally, the Detroit United Railway capitulated upon every point.

Obviously, there is some force in a factory that can shoot a motor-car out of its gates every three minutes of the working day.

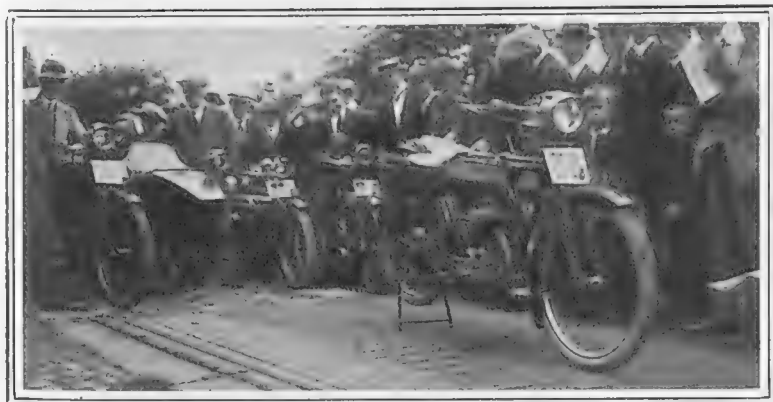
Some Tolerance for Tar.

Much indignation has been expressed at the wholesale manner in which many of our main, and indeed secondary, roads are tar-coated over their whole surfaces for miles at a time. To find one's delicate paintwork covered with tar-stains is, I admit, sufficiently irritating; but, on the other hand, let us consider for one moment what the much-motored roads of this country would be to-day were they not tarred. It is not only the dust which would have to be taken into account both by road-users and the dwellers thereby; motorists should remember that the tarring of roads takes pounds and pounds off their tyre-bills, particularly where roads are formed with gravel-flint-crusts. Punctures to-day are comparatively infrequent compared with even three or four years ago, while, as the tar prevents the surface from breaking-up to a great extent, keeping it comparatively smooth, tyre-life is prolonged. No, we must not grumble too much at tar. Where there are known to be long stretches, perhaps the A.A. scouts might be detailed to indicate an avoiding route.



HOW LUNCH IS TAKEN ON A WATER-PLANE: MR. HAWKER (ON THE RIGHT) AND HIS PASSENGER, MR. KAUPER, TAKING A HASTY MEAL DURING THE ROUND-BRITAIN FLIGHT.

Mr. H. G. Hawker had very hard luck in the Round-Britain race, falling into Lough Shanny when nearing Dublin after making splendid flights to that point. (Photograph by Porter, Aberdeen.)



HOW THE WEIGHING-IN IS DONE BEFORE A MOTOR-CYCLE RACE: A HUMBER MACHINE BEING WEIGHED AT THE AUTO-CYCLE UNION TRIALS.

Photograph by Topical.



THE Duke of Westminster is again breaking bounds—the dull bounds, this time, set in the well-regulated columns of the *Times*. He has gaily dared to use them as a medium for a wager—or, at any rate, for the proposal that a wager shall be made between himself and Mr. Frederic Harrison. To the layman the offer is not a little bewildering. “I am ready to bet with you,” his Grace says in effect to Mr. Harrison, “that your own subscription to the Olympic Games Fund will not be among the last.” That might mean either that Mr. Harrison, who disapproves the Fund, will not subscribe even among the tardiest subscribers, or that he will be among the first. In any case, the result of the bet would seem to be absolutely in his own control. But the Duke is a sportsman who takes risks.

The Fair Absentee. Often Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew has taken an easy first in the unofficial competition that goes forward, without either entries or prizes, along with



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR WHEATLEY: MISS ELAINE (DOODIE) GOUGH-ALLEN.

Miss Gough-Allen is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gough-Allen, of Penn, near Wolverhampton. Mr. Wheatley, of the Indian Army, is the elder son of Colonel H. S. Wheatley, C.B., and Mrs. Wheatley, of The Knoll, Farnham, Surrey.

Photograph by Swaine.

not quite accurately, that West Dean was the only house for which Queen Alexandra relaxed the etiquette decreeing that a Queen-Consort shall not sleep under a commoner's roof. No less flatteringly frequent than the royal visits of the last reign are those that have been paid by King George and Queen Mary. Dean Park may be Dean Park for ever, but with Mrs. William James's departure it would inevitably lose its crowning characteristics.

A Natural Historian.

A Canadian critic has come to the rescue of Lord Beaconsfield, assailed by the pen of Lord Cromer. The truth is that the Colonies do not like the spectacle of England's foremost men falling foul of each other. But Lord Cromer's pen-pricks need not be taken so very seriously. No doubt he was piqued by the rather perverse attitude of the great Minister when he went to say good-bye before leaving London for Egypt as Comptroller of the Khedive's finances. A little compliment to the departing official would have been the order of the day. But Lord Beaconsfield was



ENGAGED TO MR. W. S. RASHLEIGH: MISS DOROTHY FRANCES HOWELL.

Miss Howell is the daughter of Mr. Francis Butler Howell, of Ethy, Lostwithiel, Cornwall. Mr. Rashleigh is the only son of Mr. C. W. Rashleigh, of Stoketon, Saltash, Cornwall.



ENGAGED TO MISS D. F. HOWELL: MR. WILLIAM STUART RASHLEIGH.



ENGAGED TO MRS. NINA MENZIES: MR. CYRIL STREATFIELD.

Mrs. Nina Menzies is the daughter of the late Colonel Mulock, C.B., and the widow of the late Mr. Robert Menzies. Mr. Streatfield is the son of Mr. F. N. Streatfield, C.M.G.



ENGAGED TO MR. CYRIL STREATFIELD: MRS. NINA MENZIES.

Photographs by Swaine.

horse-judging, during the Dublin Week. She has been called the most beautiful woman in England; and Ireland, seeing her in a crowd that fully puts the question to the test, has said the same. This year, however, the question had to be decided afresh. Lady Beatrice was not present; but from Shanbally Castle, County Tipperary, comes the good news of the birth of a son.

The Uncommon Commoner.

Mrs. “Willie” James' marriage seems at first glance to promise the continuity of the West Dean Park tradition. For many years King Edward was entertained there, not only for Goodwood, but on all and any of the pretexts which make it possible for a busy man to escape from town. It was said, though perhaps

very silent while Lord Cromer discoursed on the opportunities of his mission. Then “Dizzy's” turn came, and this is what he asked: “Are there now many pelicans on the banks of the Nile?”



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (SEPTEMBER 4): PRINCESS AUGUSTINE VICTORIA OF HOHENZOLLERN AND KING MANUEL.

Photograph by Swaine.

“Cuckoo.” Among the seventy entries for the principal jumping competition during the Dublin Horse Show were eight ladies. When one of them gained a prize, against so many male rivals, she was greeted by a particularly robust round of applause, and one special little cheer rose from the centre of the Countess of Shaftesbury's party. The connection between Lady Shaftesbury and the winner was not clear to everybody. But she and the horse have a name in common. “Cuckoo” was the prize-winner mount, and the Countess is “Cuckoo” to her relatives.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Rivals.

Everyone has heard of the rivalry which exists between certain bumptious American cities, and Liverpool and Manchester are said by those who know to entertain mutual sentiments of contempt; but all these animosities pale before those of certain Brittany villages which compete for the favour of summer visitors. We, for instance, at Ploubalaye-sur-Mer regard with withering scorn the *plage* which lies like a white sickle on the shore yonder. There can be no good thing, we hold, about St. Etienne. Is it not surrounded by mud at low tide, and has it not the misfortune to possess a third-rate casino, which is, as everyone in Ploubalaye-sur-Mer knows, a pretentious and absurd thing, and far worse than having none at all? Adventurers who have journeyed thither report that the place is tolerable enough, that there are two or three hotels, some passably pretty women on the beach of a morning, while orgies of shrimping are indulged in by the summer population. But all this is received, at Ploubalaye-sur-Mer, with incredulity. Siren voices must have bewitched the traveller to St. Etienne; it is obvious, a fact not to be contradicted, that there can be nothing agreeable about a watering-place which insolently faces us all day with twice the number of villas and hotels, and which sparkles at night like a great ocean liner. Useless to sing the praises of St. Etienne to us.

The Distractions of Dinard.

We are much nearer to the distractions of Dinard, to begin with, if we want to taste the delights of the world, for a decent car will whirl you there in less than half-an-hour. You can arrive before the dissipated society there is fairly awake, see the early shoppers, and take a dip in the sea among the first bathers. After this matutinal rite it will be time to have your *déjeuner*, and you can spend, if you wish, as much upon this meal as you would at Ciro's, in Monte Carlo, or Voisin's, in the Rue St. Honoré. Dinard provides you a *déjeuner fin*, and charges appropriate prices. But before this meal you will have shown yourself upon the Casino terrace, heard last night's gossip, and consumed a dry Martino accompanied by cold potato-chips. If you are energetic, you will be dragged off to play golf at St. Briac, or to practise the Tango and Boston to excellent music at the Casino. There is an exhibition of lovely white toilettes again on the terrace or in the gambling-rooms before dinner, while dinner-parties are endemic at Dinard, and lead to auction-bridge, to dancing, or to the play. Adventurers who attend these festivities arrive sadly late at night at Ploubalaye-sur-Mer, bringing with them a dissipated air of the town, and stories of high stakes and elaborate dishes, which are not received with favour by those who lead the simple life and stay behind to keep out of temptation. Still, Dinard is there, well within reach; while rival St. Etienne, on the opposite tongue of land, is as remote from it as from London.

Mont St. Michel and the Philistines.

Moreover, we are within easy motoring distance of Mont St. Michel, that unique island with its abbey and prison towering to the skies, once a place of beauty and silence, with one simple inn, a tiny graveyard purple with waving poppies, and steep, narrow streets, peopled by grave, stolid Bretons. But if you have any cherished memories of Mont St. Michel, do not disturb them by visiting it again in 1913. The lonely rock, with its wonderful fortress-abbey, has become as populous as Margate; as infested with touts and cafés, rubbishy bric-à-brac and picture-postcards, as the Piazza at Venice. In place of the gracious old Abbé who once strolled round with me in years gone by, discussing in leisurely fashion the beauties of the famous cloisters and of the monks' refectory, there is the stereotyped

cicerone, bawling out a set speech to a hundred gaping and bored tourists. The place has been "restored" ruthlessly, and a glaringly new tiled roof of black-and-orange outrages the dignified simplicity of the cloisters with their singular triple columns. The narrow streets are lined with vociferous persons with the accent of the Boulevard Clichy, who one and all wish you to consume their beer and buy their rubbish or patronise their hotel.

Gone is the famous Mme. Poulard, who made a fortune as well as fame by tossing omelettes, and whose inn was adorned by sketches of the great painters who had stayed there. Half-a-hundred motor-cars are drawn up outside the walls, and the tourists will presently melt away again along the causeway towards Pontorson. But you will not recover your lost impression, even if you stayed till darkness fell and all the stars of this wonderful month came out. Mont St. Michel is among the once-have-beens.



ONE HAT IN THREE SHAPES: INGENIOUS TRANSFORMATION IN MILLINERY.

These designs, which come from Paris, are described as follows (from left to right): (1) A rush shape surrounded with a band of coarse blue linen, and trimmed with muslin roses; (2) The same shape folded and covered with muslin with a pattern of peas, and strings to match; (3) The same hat bent in a different shape, and covered inside and out with flowered muslin.

A Sporting Duck. At Ploubalaye-sur-Mer we have distractions of a unique kind, not to be found at more sophisticated and worldly *plages*. There is the Duck, for instance, which comes in a motor-car to bathe, together with its gay young master and mistress and a numerous company, some of them hanging on to the steps, but the bird sitting inside, looking out on the world and finding that it is good. The first time the Duck came for a sea-bath we were inclined to think that it was being "ragged," for its master threw it, with small ceremony, into a very rough sea and left it to battle with the waves while he swam away. But we soon saw that the bird took to the water in its own proverbial fashion, and when it waddled out through the surf, was by no means offended when seized by the legs, and, beak downwards, hurled again into the tumultuous seas. The Duck, like a true sportsman, took it all in good part, and finally, shaking its feathers, assumed its place in the waiting motor-car, and disappeared, with much *éclat*, from our sight, and back to the château from whence it came.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 10.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

IN spite of the general absence of business which has been the feature during August, there has been a steady demand for gilt-edged Home securities. Consols made up 1 higher, India Three-and-a-Half per Cents show a rise of $1\frac{3}{8}$, while improvements of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 are general throughout the list. This, we believe, is partly due to a returning confidence in English securities on the part of investors, and easier monetary conditions have undoubtedly also been a helpful factor. We are inclined to think the improvement will continue.

Troubles abroad in China and in Mexico, grave doubts as to Japan's financial position, and labour troubles in the Colonies have all drawn attention to Home securities. Then there have been some unpleasant shocks, such as Mexico North-Western, Cuban Ports, Canada Iron Corporation, and so on. People are beginning to realise that high-yielding investments abroad are not always what they seem.

We do not suggest that Consols are going back to the figure at which they stood four or five years ago, but we do believe the decline has come to an end, and that holders of first-class British and Colonial Government issues will see higher prices than those now ruling during the next few years.

SOME BREWERY DEBENTURES.

A few weeks ago the Brewery section enjoyed quite a burst of activity. During the last week, however, there has been very little business passing here, as elsewhere on the Stock Exchange. It is pretty generally realised, however, that Brewers are doing better, and are likely to do still better during the next year or two. The Ordinary or Deferred shares are, in most cases, distinctly speculative, and offer correspondingly high yields. Debentures, however, are in a different position, and this week we propose to mention one or two such securities which, in addition to offering yields between 5 and 6 per cent., are also well secured.

Last week we mentioned the 5 per cent. Debentures of the Royal Brewery, Brentford, at 96, where the interest is covered about five times over.

The 4 per cent. "B" Debentures of the Cannon Brewery are quoted at $73\frac{1}{2}$, at which price they yield $5\frac{3}{8}$ per cent., and seem perfectly safe. There are £473,100 of this issue outstanding, and £687,000 First Debentures in front of them, which call for £27,500 a year in interest. The available profit last year, after allowing for depreciation, etc., amounted to £183,000. Thus it will be seen that the interest on the "B" Debentures is covered about seven times over. Goodwill was eliminated from the balance-sheet when the capital was written down some time ago, and both Debenture issues appear covered several times over by the assets.

Barclay, Perkins, and Co. reorganised in 1911, and wrote goodwill down to £284,000—which, we admit, is quite high enough; but, nevertheless, the £1,450,000 $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. First Debentures seem well enough secured on the tangible assets. In spite of a decline in profits during 1912-13, there remained a net revenue balance of £136,700, against £50,750 required to meet interest on the Debentures. The directors transferred £40,000 to general reserve, and paid 5 per cent. on the Cumulative Preferred shares. At the current quotation of 68, the Debentures yield nearly $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and we consider them cheap.

Another $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture standing at the same price—namely, 68—is Worthington's "B." There are only £266,000 First Debentures and £250,000 $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. "B" Debentures outstanding, and these are more than covered by investments, loans, and cash, while the interest is being earned six or seven times over.

SOUTH CROFTY.

We think any of our readers who are looking for a likely speculative investment would do well to consider the shares of South Crofty, Ltd., a Cornish Mining Company which produces tin, wolfram, and arsenic.

The capital consists of £50,000 in £1 shares, which are now quoted about $2\frac{3}{4}$, a figure which cannot be considered excessive in view of the fact that 35 per cent. was paid in 1911, 40 per cent. in 1912, and even more is being earned at present.

Over £130,000 has been expended in equipment and development during the last six years, and the Company has, in addition, a reserve fund of £33,000.

We understand that the new main shaft in the New Cook's Kitchen section will be completed about the end of September, and this should prove of considerable value to the Company.

The shares are quoted in the Official List, and although the market is rather restricted, it is always possible to deal. If, as is not improbable, the shares are split into florin or five-shilling shares before very long, dealings would be freer.

At all events, a purchaser at to-day's price could expect a return of somewhere about 20 per cent. on his money, and, moreover, the available ore in sight is about two years ahead of the mill.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of Aug. 6 we referred to some interesting facts given by our contemporary the *Stockbroker* as to the small number of dividend-paying Oil Companies. We not only referred to the source of our information, but made it abundantly evident that what we printed was a quotation. We now learn that, by an error of our contemporary, the Company mentioned as the "Anglo-Austrian" should have been the "British Austrian." The Editor of the *Stockbroker*, in his issue of Aug. 23, has corrected the mistake and apologised therefor, and we desire to associate ourselves with such apology, and to express our own regret at having inadvertently given currency to this error.

IN A BOARD ROOM.

"Thanks," said the Broker, who was in the chair, as he lit a cigarette. "There doesn't seem anything else to do, so I think we can adjourn the meeting, can't we?"

The Secretary concurred, and the Board Meeting ended.

"Is there anything exciting going on?" I inquired.

"No; you could hardly call markets exciting, but they're pretty good all round, especially Oils."

"It really begins to look like a little Oil boom," I remarked.

The Broker's eyes sparkled. "Don't," he said; "I've been disappointed so often, but I should dearly like to see it."

"It would give the public a chance to get rid of some of their Maikop shares," suggested the Secretary.

The Broker gazed on him pitifully. "Have you ever known the public get rid of anything in a boom?" he asked, in accents of scorn. "And, besides, if the public feel like that, there won't be a boom."

"So much the better for the public," said I.

"So much the worse for the Broker," said he.

"The Kern River affair was rather a disappointment?" I suggested.

"We all thought it would come off," was the reply; "and perhaps it will one day. At any rate, the Company is doing very well, and I think the shares are worth their present price."

"I sold my North Cauc. too soon," complained the Secretary.

"You made a jolly good profit, anyhow," said the Broker, "so you needn't complain. All the same, I believe the shares will go to thirty shillings before very long. Oil's at a fabulous price; the Shell people have to take all their output at the current Baku quotation—"

"At that rate, a strike at Baku should be a bull point for North Cauc.," I said.

"Quite so," he continued; "and they're producing about 3000 tons a week at present."

"Of the rest, I suppose Shells are good to buy; and what about Premier Pipes?" I inquired.

"A very funny market—I got a lot of people out at fifteen bob, and haven't had the pluck to touch them since."

"And no one can accuse you of a faint heart," I said; "at least, not if they know your wife!"

He looked puzzled—and cross.

"All right," I laughed. "Tell your wife I said she was never won by a faint heart, and perhaps she'll ask me to dinner. Meantime, it's beastly hot—hadn't we better go and get some ice?"

We went.

Saturday, Aug. 30, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J. B. (Bristol).—(1) An excellent holding. (2) The Bonds can be sold through any broker; present price, $\frac{3}{4}$ premium.

C. M. (Putney).—The Oil share has had a good rise already. It is most difficult to ascertain the position of the other concern. The shares are distinctly speculative; if you can get out without a loss, we think you would be wise to do so.

SALLY.—We have written to you fully about your list.

NEWINGTON.—(1) The market believes they will. We consider them a very speculative holding, and, if ever you see a profit, take it. (2) Possibly, if the Mexican affair is settled; but they are only gambling counters, and therefore dangerous. If you have a heavy loss, you might hold on a bit longer, but sell when you can. (3) No. (4) The new management haven't had time to show what they can do, and we don't like to make guesses.

J. S. (Marconis).—We only answer by letter in accordance with Rule 5. The description, in our opinion, would fit the shares you mention. None of them should we call an investment—they are speculations, and most Oil shares are the same.

INVESTMENT (Johannesburg).—You are asking for a very high rate of interest, and must therefore be prepared to run some risk. The following will give nearly the yield you ask for, and we consider them sound: (1) Argentine National Mortgage Bank 6 per cent. Cédulas; (2) Domingo Tomba's 6 per cent. Debentures; (3) Arauco Second Debentures; (4) J. Sears and Co. 7 per cent. Prefs.; (5) City of Pernambuco bonds.

G. W. (Shoeburyness).—We will answer next week.

The directors of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd., have decided to recommend a dividend for the half-year ended June 30 last at the rate of 10 per cent., and a bonus at the rate of 4 per cent.; £25,000 is written off investments, £15,000 off Bank premises, £10,000 is placed to reserve, the same amount to the pension fund, and about £50,000 carried forward. The meeting will be held on Oct. 22.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Golfing Clothes. Many irate men are rushing into print to air their grievances on the score of the untidy appearance of girl golfers. The war between the sexes is always being waged on some battle ground, be it important or unimportant. If a man had long hair and had to make his own golfing clothes, as a girl so often has to do, he would not put in a very tidy appearance after a round in stormy weather. His contention is that girls should either be tidy or not play; they have, however, got beyond the stage of sacrificing healthful pleasure to the good opinion of promiscuous man. I do not go so far as to say that they will not do so to secure the good opinion of one particular man—at least, until they have married him! Men resent the fact that girls so often play better than they do. A first-rate man golfer is better than a first-rate woman player; but take the general moderately good and indifferent players, of which the courses in holiday times are most full, and the women are quite as good as, and often better than, the men. This is far worse in the sight of the lords of creation than the temporary untidiness of golfing girls.

Presents and Prizes.

Delightful things, charming things—things we all love, and which make the world a happier place for us! There is such a thing as overdoing the delightful. Prizes of very large amounts offered for life-risking hazards are, to my mind, wrong. A man, or it may be a mere woman, risks life for what he or she conceives to be duty, to save life, or for the honour and credit of country—then it is grand, heroic, and worshipful. To risk it to secure a big money prize is still brave, but rather pitiable, as all barter of the finest things in humanity for cash must ever be. Presents lose their best attributes when over-done, as nowadays they are apt to be. In a village not particularly rich nor particularly poor, the Rector's children have had presentations on their twenty-first birthdays; he and his wife have had several on different occasions; the children will probably have, or expect to have, wedding presents from the parishioners. It would be far more simple, and greatly more dignified, for the parishioners to give the Rector a small sum yearly. Present-giving of this kind becomes a tax—at least, on some—and so all its charm goes. The secretary of a ladies' golf club is another recipient of vexatious presents—she earns a right to them far more

than a rector's children. But a more satisfactory arrangement, and again more dignified, would be to give yearly a small sum, just what the club could afford—few of them are rich—and let the secretary do as she liked with it. In one case where this is done, the money is devoted to buying boots for the caddies; in other cases the little sum is very welcome to the worker, who well earns it. As a rule, the secretary's post is honorary, the work done anyhow, and promiscuous presentations its deserved, or undeserved, reward.

Fashions of the Future.

I am going to take Mark Twain's advice, and not prophesy because I



MISS PHYLLIS FRASER AND MR. HAMILTON ALEXANDER GARDNER, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE ON AUGUST 30.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Fraser, of 20, Clanricarde Gardens, W. Mr. H. A. Gardner, of Rungagora, Badliapar, Assam, is a son of the late Surgeon-Major R. H. Gardner, R.A.M.C., and of Mrs. Fairley, Redholme, Folkestone.

Photographs by Swaine.

do not know; but a change in fashion of a radical and remarkable kind is desirable in the interests of trade. A smart woman can wear a dress three seasons if she wishes, and that with the very slightest alteration. We were discussing this phenomenon the other day over a leisurely lunch on a non-shooting day. One of the men, whom we women have nicknamed "the Nut" because of the gloriousness and variety of his shooting and golfing suits, opined that "Well, don't

ye know, we men like you women just as you are now, and so you stick, don't ye see; I think that touches it, eh!" Well, we didn't, and we said so, knowing quite well that the dressy woman values most highly the opinion of experts of her own sex. What seemed a more reasonable solution of the sticking-point was that slim up-and-down fashions favoured photographic illustration—now so much more usual than drawings. An artist can give style to a dress that possesses it in a drawing; the camera can give the flat dress itself, and its only stylefulness lies in its slimmness and length of line. I am not writing of the beautiful photographs of models made at leisure in studios, and treated later under the superintendence of the creators of these models, but of snapshots at smart functions. They are interesting and characteristic, but seldom smart and stylish; while

drapery and flounces and frills are apt to look grotesque in a photograph. If we could have the interest and character of camera work combined with the grace and style imparted by a clever artist devoted to a change in fashion or a new style, it would have quite a good chance of being adopted.

The Dublin Horse Show.

Everybody in Ireland that is anybody met everybody else in the United Kingdom that loves a horse at Ball's Bridge last week. There was plenty of fun and high spirits and pretty girls, and nice clothes of the Irish Horse-Show character—neat and smart tailor-buils, with a certain rather swagger, jaunty air about them, and a flavour of sport thrown in, that is associated with Irishwomen of the better class. It is only lately that there has been a middle class in Ireland—all tradespeople belonged to the lower classes, and all professional people to the upper.



ENGAGED: MISS GLADYS MARY BOYNTON AND MR. FREDERICK WILLIAM RYAN.

Miss Boynton is the eldest daughter of Sir Griffith Boynton, twelfth Baronet, of Barmston, Yorkshire, and Lady Boynton. Mr. Frederick William Ryan, who is a barrister, is the only son of the late Mr. William Leeson Ryan and of Mrs. Ryan, of Clyde Road, Dublin. (Photographs by Thomson.)



ENGAGED TO MR. A. P. D. TELFER-SMOLLETT, H.L.I.: MISS LUCY STRUTT.

Miss Lucy Strutt is a daughter of Mr. G. Herbert Strutt, of Kingairloch, Argyllshire, and Makeney House, Derby, Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1903, and Chairman of the County Council. Mr. A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett is a Lieutenant in the Highland Light Infantry. (Photograph by Lillie Charles.)



TO MARRY MR. DESMOND MACMANUS: MISS GLADWYN LESLEY AMAN.

Miss Gladwyn Lesley Aman is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aman, of Inglenook, Orpington, Kent. She is engaged to Mr. Desmond Macmanus, of Kiltarden, Kiltamagh, County Mayo. It is understood that the wedding is to take place shortly. (Photograph by Val d'Estrange.)

NOTES FROM THE MOORS.

THERE is a very general endeavour to make the best of an indifferent season by talking of the big bags made in a few districts, and dismissing with a few words the far larger area of bad returns. It would appear that the moors favoured by Nature this year are yielding splendid results, though why one moor should thrive, and another, equally well situated and cared for, only a few miles distant, should fail is past explanation. Last week, when leaving the place to which I had been invited for sport that never came off, we motored twenty miles to get to a junction and avoid a long détour. The road passes over a very large tract of moorland, and we passed within about a hundred yards of a line of butts just as they were being filled. As there was plenty of time, we waited to see the drive, and it was worth seeing, for the birds came over in great numbers, and the shooting was good. I asked the man in charge of the game-car at the cross-roads if the birds were in good condition, and he asked me to have a look. There wasn't a bad bird among those I could see. He said the keepers had complained about barren pairs, but the coveys had hatched out well and early. As the crow flies, this was less than twenty miles from the moor of which I wrote last week, where there is, at the time of writing, little or nothing worth a cartridge.

It is a curious experience to go about the moorlands and, with a vivid memory of the wretched weather of some past seasons, to hear farmers, shepherds, and gamekeepers complaining of the sunshine. On the moorland country of Derbyshire and Yorkshire the water-supply has been seriously affected at time of writing, and I have been struck by the number of empty ponds. As far as grouse are concerned, the lack of water does not matter. There are perennial springs on the moors—you can mark them by the presence of bog-myrtle and cotton-grass; there is dew in plenty, and those who have slept within sound of the moors know that the grouse is a very early riser. But the fishermen are complaining not only in the North of England, but in Scotland. The level of water in the rivers is so low that the fish are not coming up, and, though we shan't hear much about it, fishing-men who can only take holiday in August and September are likely to look back to the year 1913 with any but kindly feelings. I have been living for the past week or so in an atmosphere of complaints—keepers complaining not only of their grouse, but of their partridges; and farmers saying that their root-crops will be a failure, that winter-feed is being burnt off the face of the earth. One or two fishing-men write dismally of the failure of their hopes, and talk about the sunshine as hunting-men about the first spring violets. In the presence of so many complaints, it is

necessary to assume a jovial attitude, even if it is not justified. The Mark Tapley mind is in great demand just now.

As I write, the day of the black game has arrived—far too soon. Under ordinary circumstances, the old cock birds have hardly finished their summer moult, while the young cocks have not developed their fine tail feathers. It is a pity to permit black-game to be taken before mid-September, and it would be no bad plan if grey-hen could be protected altogether for a few years. If it were not that most sportsmen protect the grey hen, and that many encourage black game to thrive in spite of the law, the species would become extinct in a very little while as far as this country is concerned. It does not get a fair chance, and is greatly reduced in numbers before it is able to develop a full strong flight. When this time has arrived there is no longer any need for protection, such assistance as an artful old blackcock cannot provide for himself not being worth discussion. But by the time this season has arrived hundreds of young blackcock have been bagged by pot-hunters, or have been shot in sheer thoughtlessness. It is said that black-game eat the dangerous heather-beetle that does so much harm on the moors, and if this be so, there is an additional reason for their preservation. I have yet to meet the sportsman who thinks that Aug. 20 is late enough for the blackcock, or holds that the grey-hen is sufficiently protected.

The ideal shooting lunch is worth considering just now, when the keen moorland air is strong enough to make a healthy man forget his breakfast within a short two hours of the time he leaves the table. Some hold with the long meal nicely served in a tent or a convenient cottage, but a big lunch turns many straight barrels awry. On the other hand, I have been with parties whose methods were too Spartan, the limit being reached by a friend who allows each of his guests four sandwiches and a piece of chocolate.

Mrs. William James and Major J. C. Brinton were married quietly on Saturday at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Under the portraits on another page we describe them as being "engaged," as at the time that part of the paper had to go to press the date of the wedding had not been officially announced, although Saturday had been mentioned as the probable date.

Mme. Isadora Duncan writes to say that the photograph in our last issue described as "Isadora-Duncan Dancing Children at Fashionable Deauville" does not represent pupils of her school, who are, on the contrary, living in their own School Home at Darmstadt, and have never been to Deauville. We regret having unwittingly given publicity to the error, through being misled by the description supplied with the photograph.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Brides and Fiancées; the Dublin Week; "The Scarlet Band"; "The Big Game"; Woman as a Javelin-thrower; a Fair Bather well feathered, at Deauville; the Bride of King Manuel; Gaby Gowns; Miss Nila Devi in "The Turquoise Idol" and Siva dancing on Tripoura-Soura; Gowns and Head-dresses from Paris; Mlle. Mado Minty as the Spider in "Come Over Here"; Master Alfred Willmore as Benjamin in "Joseph and his Brethren"; the Lion in "Androcles and the Lion."

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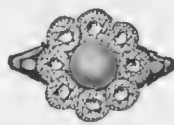
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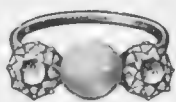
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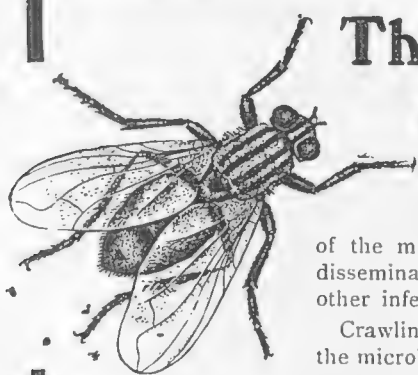
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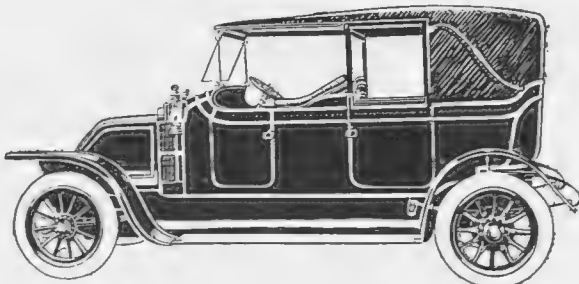
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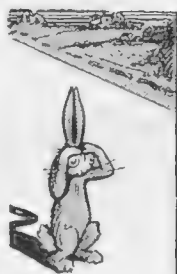
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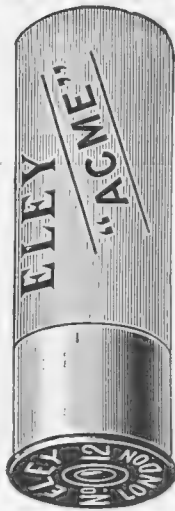
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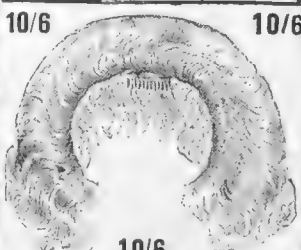
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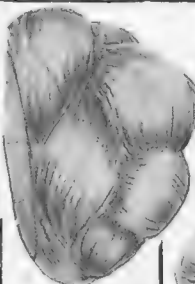
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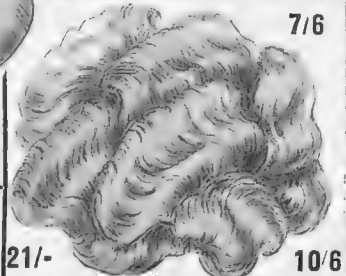


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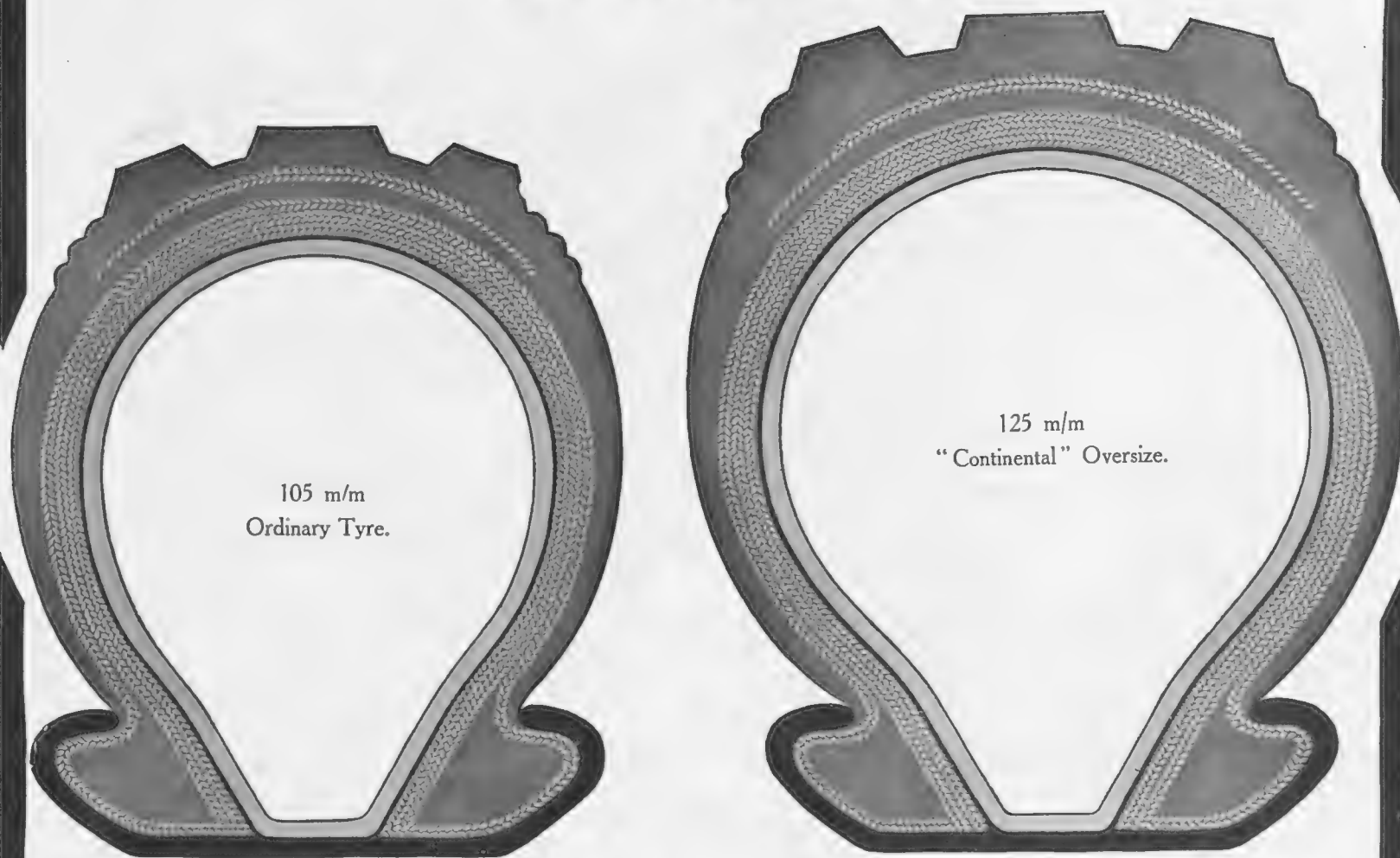
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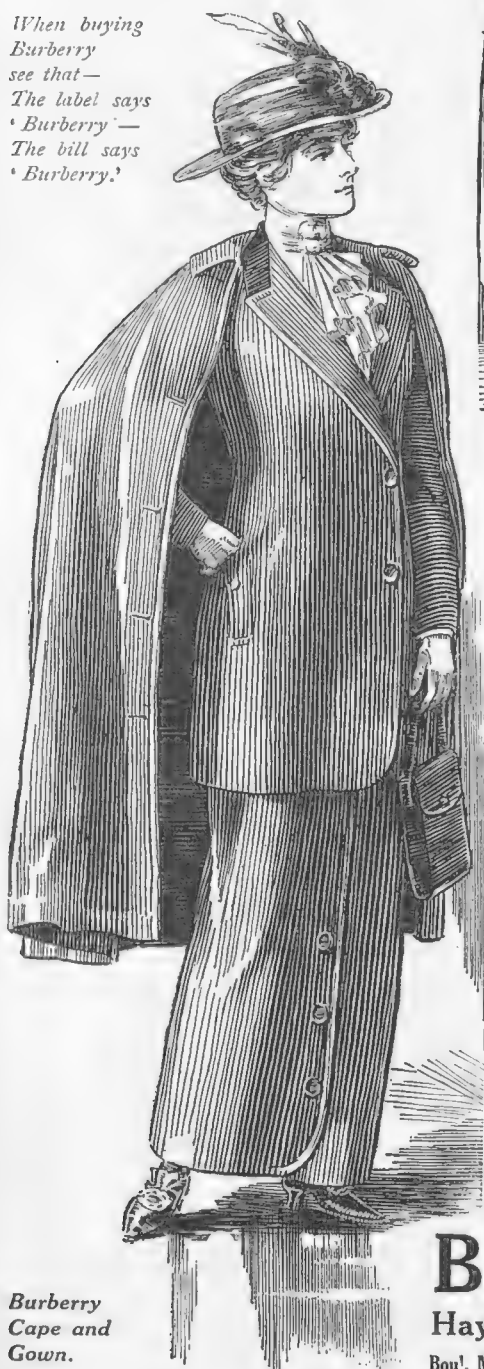
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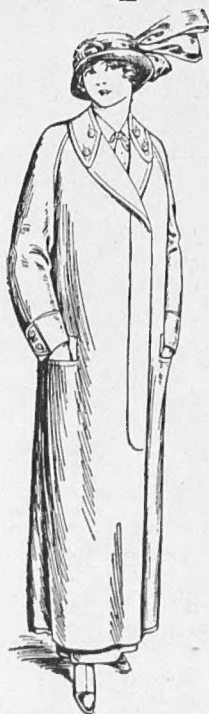
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"nice to use, not messy, nor greasy" says "London Opinion" and keeps men's hair quite neat and tidy.

MASTERS THE HAIR.

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We wish to demonstrate to those who have tried various advertised Hair-Specifics that Dr. Kennedy's "H. G." formula

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Although the eight days' supply can only be obtained by those who write (enclosing the 6d. returnable deposit) direct to the McAdam Laboratories, a restricted number of large 5/6 bottles of Dr. Kennedy's "H.G." formula can be purchased at the specially reduced price of 4/3 from Boots, Cash Chemists, Parke's Drug Stores, Timothy White, Ltd., May, Roberts & Co., Ltd., Wray's Drug Co., Ltd., Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., The Army and Navy Stores, The C.S.S.A., Harrods Ltd., and all other first-class chemists and stores.

So positive is the curative power of this wonderful formula, that every chemist is authorised to issue an absolute-success-or-money-back guarantee with every bottle sold. Such a pledge not only eliminates all possible risk on the part of the purchaser, but indisputably proves the genuineness of the Doctor's treatment.

DOSTOIEVSKY IN ENGLISH: ANOTHER NOVEL TRANSLATED.

"The Idiot."

BY FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY.

(Heinemann.)

This is the second work of M. Dostoevsky which English readers owe to Constance Garnett. It is six hundred pages long; a chain of lengthy conversations wherein the speakers, when most inconsequent, most capricious or incredible, do then most profoundly and pitilessly reveal themselves. These conversations form concentric rings of varying radius round the person and doings of the Idiot (more properly understood as epileptic). He is a stone flung into the flood of Russian feeling, thought, and custom. He ruffles the surface, disturbs mud, plumbs horrid depths, may even change its channels. There is a great deal in the book which is more than unpleasant, which is terrible, but the terror springs from man's own heart and not from circumstance, and to balance that there is the unconquerable instinct of the idiot: "One might almost believe your pity is greater than my love," said a furiously faithful lover to him once. It was a true saying. It seems a hopeless business to write anything worth while about it all in this space and place, but as an example of Dostoevsky's method it is best, perhaps, to give the outlines of one incident set in the very heart of these six hundred pages. Prince Myshkin, long exiled from Russia while doing a cure for epilepsy in Switzerland, was once more in St. Petersburg. He had been left a fortune, which raised his means from complete poverty to something nearer his rank. During the first six months of his return he had been generous enough to confirm any rumours of weak intellect consequent upon his illness. He had been deceived and betrayed in most social relations. Strong men, and women too, had recognised their chance and taken it when they saw the "idiot" coming towards them, thinking no evil—so consciously and desperately determined to think none. He had been among his own Russians just six months, and his life with them had cost him another epileptic fit. He is now recovering from it in a villa in a leafy suburb, and a large party of friends come to visit him. Four new arrivals thrust themselves into the company; they are in "a state of heated agitation and violent loquacity." Their leader is a young man poorly and untidily dressed. "His hands were unwashed; he was fair; and his face, which was covered with pimples, had, if one may so express it, an air of innocent insolence. There was not a trace of irony or introspection in his face; nothing but a complete blank conviction of his own rights, and, at the same time, something like a strange and incessant craving to be and feel insulted." This person has come, "not to beg but to demand" from Prince Myshkin some tens of thousands of roubles on the score—that the Prince had been educated

by the charity of a wealthy gentleman; that this same gentleman had had an illegitimate son—the pimply one, whom with the mother he had deserted; and that Myshkin being now rich, it was due to himself, to Burdovsky the illegitimate, to the seduced mother, and the seducer's memory, at least to endow Burdovsky with the sum (much over-estimated) spent in Myshkin's upbringing. Before he is allowed to speak, Myshkin has to listen to a very scurrilous account of the affair read aloud from a current newspaper; it has been concocted previously for the Press by the four visitors. Then Myshkin relates his interview with a sharp lawyer employed by the claimant. To him Myshkin had expressed his willingness to discharge what, in the most favourable light, was a monstrous demand. But—Myshkin has his lawyer just to look into it, and he holds incontestable proof that the pimply one is an honest son of an honest mother. And Myshkin pities poor M. Burdovsky, "and all of you gentlemen who have so nobly come to support your friend," because they have been imposed on by a dishonest lawyer. Perhaps even M. Burdovsky has a touch of epilepsy about him, which would excuse much; in any case, Myshkin meant to befriend Burdovsky: "I insist on his character's being cleared, and he can't be left without help." No sooner had he sat down than remorse burned in his heart. He had made his offer coarsely and carelessly like a charity; his excuse of epilepsy was an insult. "I ought to have waited and offered it to him to-morrow alone. Yes, I am an idiot—a real idiot." This wonderful piece of comedy is further prolonged. Burdovsky has already in his pocket a handsome present from Myshkin, given in pure goodness of heart, about which he has made and published a mean lie. He now throws the packet dramatically at Myshkin. But more than half of it has already been abstracted, it appears, for the campaign! Burdovsky and his friends stand confessed frauds. Yet he is the faithful provider out of his labour for the mother whose virtue he would insult! She blesses his goodness to her. Strange gleams of moral beauty shine fitfully from his infamous friends. Even the lawyer—though a rogue otherwise, perhaps—in this case is nothing worse than a scheming attorney! By this time who among us is not grateful to Madame Epanchi, that adorable *grande dame* with the heart of a child beating through her conventional mind, when she exclaims, "It's disgraceful, disgraceful! It's chaos, infamy! It's worse than a dream. Are there many like them?" Yes, Madame, there are many—you, indeed, are one of them; and there are others. Who shall say?—I and he and you who read of them, perhaps. Topsy-turvydom, chaos, infamy; and, thrown over all like a soft, healing mantle of dew, this divine pity, recognised of Rogozhin the lover as being something even greater than love.

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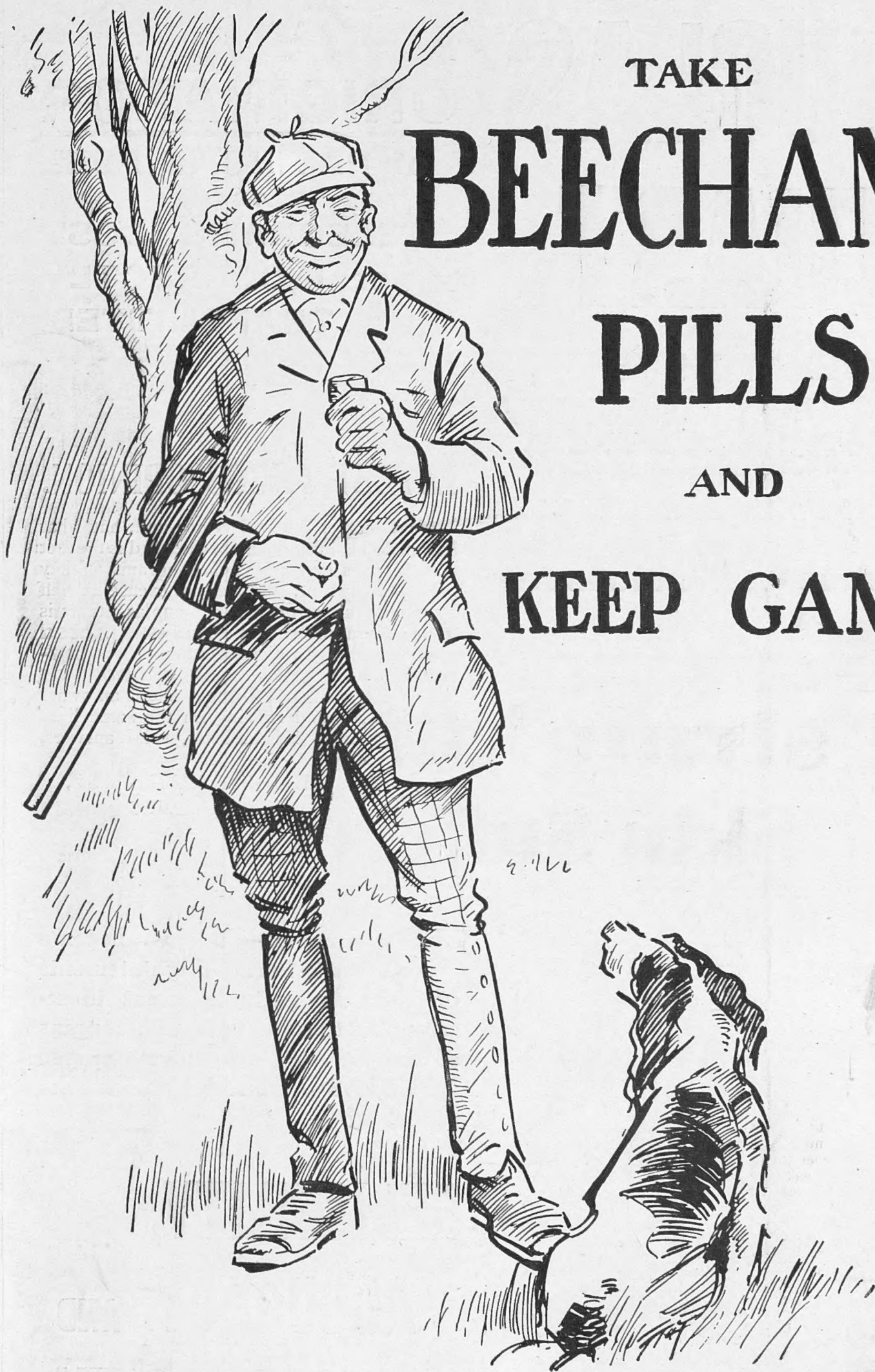
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[THE WINNING POST,
April 26, 1913.]

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